

CD 1

PERVOYE DEYSTVIYE*

- 1 Moskva. Krasnaya ploshchad.
Kammenniy stolb i na nyom medniye doski s nadpisyami.
Sprava budka Podyachevo. Naiskos ploshchadi, na stolbikakh, protyanuty storozhevye tsepi.
Svetayet.
U stolba storozhevoy strelets.
Na stsene utrenniy polusvet. Glavi tserkvey osveshchayutsya voskhodyashchim solntsem.
Donositsya blagovest k zautrene.
Vsya stsena postepenno osveshchayetsya voskhodyashchim solntsem.
(Vestovye streletskiy truby v Kremle za stsenoy)

Kuzka

(skvoz dremotu)

- 2 Podoydu, podoydu ... pod Ivangorod ...
Vishibu, vishibu, kamenni ... steni ...
Vivedu ... vivedu ... krasnu devitsu ...

(Vkhodit streletskiy dozor i snimayet tsepi.)

Vtoroy Strelets

Vona, drikhnet.

Perviy Strelets

Ekh, nishto, brat Antipich!
Vchera nemalo potrudilis.

Vtoroy Strelets

Chto govorit.

Perviy Strelets

Kak dyaku-to, dumnomu, Larivonu Ivanovu, grud razdvoili kameniyem vostrim.

Vtoroy Strelets

A nemtsa, Gadena, u Spasa na Boru imali,
a i svolokli do mesta
i tu po chlenam razobrali.

(Trubi za stsenoy)

CD 1

ACT ONE

Moscow. Red Square.
A stone pillar with inscribed copper tablets mounted on it. Guard chains are stretched across the square. On the right is the Scribe's booth. It is dawn.
A Streltsy sentry, Kuzka, is leaning up against a column. The scene is bathed in early morning light. The rising sun first lights the steeples of the churches. The bells ring to call matins and then the whole scene slowly lights up in the morning sun.
(Streltsy trumpet calls from the Kremlin in the distance)

Kuzka

(half asleep)

I shall go ... to Ivangorod ...
I shall knock down ... its stone walls ...
I shall lead out ... a fair maiden ...

(A Streltsy patrol enters and removes the chains.)

Second Streljets

There he is, fast asleep!

First Streljets

Leave him alone, brother Antipich;
last night we worked hard!

Second Streljets

You're telling me!

First Streljets

Larivon Ivanov, the Scribe of the Council,
was dismembered with a sharp stone!

Second Streljets

And the German, Haden, whom we caught near
the Church of St. Saviour,
was dragged here
and torn limb from limb!

(trumpets offstage)

Perviy Strelets

Vot tak ryavkayut!

Kuzka

(skvoz dremotu)

Okh, ne kolish, ne kolish menya ... veter,
okh, ne podkos, ne podkos moi ... nozhenki ...

Vtoroy Strelets

Vo imya bozhe okhranyayut nemolchno
zhizn i zdraviye tsarey mladikh.

Perviy Strelets

Ot nedrugov likhikh, boyar spesivikh,
likhoimateley, kazni grabiteley.

(Trubi za stsenoy)

Vtoroy Strelets

«Verkh» podnyalsya.

Kuzka

(vskakivayet)

Gde grabiteli? Vot ya im!

Perviy i Vtoroy Strelets

Ay da Kuzka, strazhnik znatniy,
ay da parya, pravo, lyubo!

Kuzka

Da chto vi, dyavoli!

Perviy Strelets

Okh ti, strelets, khudoy konets.

Vtoroy Strelets

Voyevoda vzgromozdilsya na uroda.

Kuzka

(draznit)

«Okh ti, strelets, khudoy konets ...»

Perviy i Vtoroy Strelets

Kha, kha, kha! ...

Kuzka

Kha, kha, kha!

Nu, koy chyort vas po nocham zdes nosit.

Perviy i Vtoroy Strelets

Kakoye po nocham!

Uzh i utreni otbili.

(Vkhodit Podyachiy, ochinivaya pero.)

Glyadi-kos: sam strochilo pryot.

First Strelyets

What a din!

Kuzka

(half asleep)

Oh, do not shake me ... raging wind!

Oh, do not make ... my poor legs give way ...

Second Strelyets

In the name of God they're always ready
to defend the life and health of the young
tsars ...

First Strelyets

... against the wicked enemies, the haughty
Boyers,

usurers and robbers of the Treasury.

(trumpets offstage)

Second Strelyets

The "higher-ups" are up!

Kuzka

(jumping up)

Where are the robbers? I'll show 'em!

First and second Strelyets

Well done, Kuzka; you're a fine sentry!

You make me laugh!

Kuzka

Oh, you devils, what are you doing?

First Strelyets

You wicked fellow.

Second Strelyets

You evil monster.

Kuzka

(teasing them)

"You wicked fellow ..."

First and second Strelyets

Ha, ha, ha! ...

Kuzka

"Ha, ha, ha."

What the devil brings you here so late at night?

First and second Strelyets

Late at night?

Matins is already over!

(The Chancellery Scribe enters, sharpening his quill.)

Look: old scribbler is pen-pushing already!

Perviy Strelets

Gusya tochit.

Kuzka

Chernilishche-to, Gospodi!

Vtoroy Strelets

Vot, zaskriplit-to.

*(Podkhodyat k Podyachemu.)***Perviy i Vtoroy Strelets**

Vashemu prikaznomu stepenstvu ...

*(klanyayutsya)***Kuzka**

Skorey na etot stolbik ugodit

Kha, kha, kha ...

Perviy i Vtoroy Strelets

Kha, kha, kha ...

*(Ukhodyat k Kremlyu. Podyachiy saditsya v budku.)***Podyachiy**

Sodoma i Gomorra! Vot vremecho! ...

(potiraya ruki)

tyazhkoye! ... A vsyo zh pribitok spravim ... Da!

*(Vkhodit Shaklovitiy.)***Shaklovitiy**

3 Ey! ... Ey, ti, strochilo!

So mnoyu Bog, milosti tebe prislal.

Podyachiy

Blagodarim, dobryi chelovek.

A yaz greshniy, ne dostoiniy rab bozhii,
ne spodobilsya zreti ...**Shaklovitiy**

Ladno ... ne v tom delo.

Smekni-ko: zakazets vazhniy yest tebe ...

PodyachiyChto zh! Chto zh, nastrochim ... migom
nastrochim.

Po uryadu, po ukladu nastrochim donosets likho.

ShaklovitiyYesli ti smozhesh pitku sterpet,
yesli diba i zastenok ne strashat tebya,
yesli ti smozhesh ot semi otrechsya,
zabit vsyo, chto dorogo tebe ... strochi!**Podyachiy**

Gospodi!

First Strelyets

He's sharpening his quill.

Kuzka

That big ink-horn! My God!

Second Strelyets

What a scraping and scratching!

*(They approach the Scribe.)***First and second Strelyets**

Please, your Grace from the Chancellery ...

*(They bow.)***Kuzka**

Quick, up here on this column!

Ha, ha, ha ...

First and second Strelyets

Ha, ha, ha ...

*(They all move off towards the Kremlin. The Scribe steps into his booth.)***Scribe**

Sodom and Gomorrah! What times these are ...

*(rubs his hands)*Dreadful times! ... All the same, I'll manage to
make some profit ... oh yes!*(Shaklovity comes in.)***Shaklovity**

Hey! Hey you! Scribbler!

With me God has sent you grace ...

Scribe

Thank you, good man.

But I am a sinner, a humble servant of God,
not worthy of your notice ...**Shaklovity**

All right ... Forget it.

Listen: I've an important job for you ...

ScribeWhy, of course! I know all the tricks of the
trade,

and will write you a denunciation in no time.

ShaklovityIf you can face the torture chamber,
if the rack holds no terrors for you,
if you are prepared to renounce your family,
and forget all you hold most dear — then write!**Scribe**

Good Lord!

Shaklovitiy

No ezhegi kogda-nibud, pri vstreche
so mnoy, ti vidash menya,
oboroni tebya Gospod togda: pomni!

Podyachiy

Znayesh: prokhodi-ko ti mimo, dobriy chelovek,
bolno mnogo posulil ti, drug moy lyubezniy.

Shaklovitiy

Strochi, zhivo!

Podyachiy

Vish ti. Da duy tebya goroy! Otchalivay!

Shaklovitiy

(kladyot na stoyku koshyol)

Strochi!

Podyachiy

(posyagaya na koshyol, potirayet ruki)

A! ... Nu, skazivay. U nas, brat,
komar nosa ne podtochit ... skazivay!

Shaklovitiy

«Tsaryam-gosudaryam i Velikim Knyazyam,
Vseya Velikiya, i Belya, i Maliya Rossii
Samoderzhtsam ...»

(Podyachiy pishet.)

Nastrochil?

Podyachiy

Uzh, ti ne sumlevaysya, znay skazivay.

Shaklovitiy

«Izveshchayut moskovskiye strelets lyudi na
Khovanskikh:

(Podyachiy slushayet.)

boyarina knyaz Ivana da na sina yevo Andreyana,
zamutit grozyat na gosudarstve.»

Podyachiy

(pishet)

Ne solono khlebal.

S zhiru besitsya!

Shaklovitiy

Prochti-ko!

Moskovskiye Prishliye Lyudi

(za stsenoy)

[Zhila kuma, bila kuma,

Shaklovity

But if you should happen to meet me
and give me away at any time —
God help you! Remember that!

Scribe

Listen, old chap, you'd better hop it;
it's a hell of a lot you're offering me, my friend!

Shaklovity

Write — and be quick about it!

Scribe

Here, I say! Be damned to you; go away!

Shaklovity

(laying a purse on the table)

Write!

Scribe

(going for the purse, rubbing his hands)

Oh well then, tell me what to write. With me,
brother,
there'll be no slip-up. Carry on!

Shaklovity

“To Your Imperial Majesties, Tsars and Rulers
of all Great, White and Little Russias ...”

(The Scribe writes.)

Have you got that?

Scribe

Don't worry yourself — go on!

Shaklovity

“Information has been received from the
Moscow Streltsy ...

(The Scribe listens.)

... that the Boyars, Prince Ivan Khovansky and
his son

Andrei wish to stir up dissension in the State.”

Scribe

(as he writes)

He's bitten off more than he can chew!

Riches and success make him reckless!

Shaklovity

Read it back!

Muscovites*

*actually, people applying for residence in
Moscow, who have come into the city to pay
homage to Ivan Khovansky

(passing by in the distance)

There once lived a women called Kuma.

kuma, kuma kuma uvidala,
kuma, kuma kuma ne priznala.
Sidit kuma, glyadit kuma,
kume kum, kume dengu sulit,
kume kum, kume rubl darit,
kuma dengu za pazukhu ...

Podyachiy

(chitayet)

«Tsaryam-Gosudaryam i Velikim Knyazyam,
Vseya Velikiya, i Malīya, i Beliya Rossii
Samoderzhtsam,

izveshchayut moskovskiyе strelets lyudi na
Khovanskikh:

boyarina knyaz Ivana da na sina yevo Andreyu,
zamutit grozyat na gosudarstve.»

Shaklovitiy

Verno. Dalshe strochi.

«Zvali na pomoshch svoyu bratiyu;
kak bi tsarstvo im dostupiti.

A dlya tovo iz nevest v gorod
pridti bolshim sobraniyem

narod smushchat,
chtob mnogo bolshikh boyar pobil.

(Podyachiy pishet.)

«A tam mutit, po vsey Rusi velikoy,
po derevnyam, po syolam i po sadam,
delom zlim na voyevod, na vlasti podnyat
s tyagla chestnoye krestyanstvo;

a stanet smuta na Rusi,
v tot raz izbrat vlastey nadezhnikh,
chtob starīye knigi lyubili;

a na tsarstve Moskovskom sest

Khovanskomu Andreyu.»

Podyachiy

(vskrikivayet)

Ay! Pryamaya pogibel, ...

Streltsi

(za stsenoy)

Goy, likho!

Podyachiy

... ne budet poshchadi,

knyaz vsyo uznayet,
knyaz ne prostit mne.

Gospodi!

Streltsi

Goy vi, lyudi!

Podyachiy

Pitkoy zhestokoy, pletyu v zastenke
zamuchit do smerti!

Streltsi

Goy vi, lyudi ratniye,
vi, streltsi udaliye,

Kuma saw a man called Kum;
Kuma didn't acknowledge Kum.

Kuma sits; Kuma looks;

Kum offers Kuma money;

Kum gives Kuma a rouble;

Kuma slips the money into her bosom.

Scribe

(reading)

"To Your Imperial Majesties, Tsars and Rulers
of all Great, Little and White Russias:
information has been received from the

Moscow Streltsy

that the Boyars, Prince Ivan Khovansky and his
son

Andrei, wish to stir up dissension in the State."

Shaklovity

Right. Carry on.

"They have asked their brothers to help
them to win power,

calling on them

to steal into the city in large numbers,

to stir up the people,

urging them to kill many great Boyars.

(The Scribe writes.)

"To stir up trouble throughout
the length and breadth of Russia,

against the provincial governors,

to cause the landed peasantry

to rise up against the authorities,

to elect worthy governors from

the ranks of the Old Believers,

and to set on the throne of Moscow

Andrei Khovansky."

Scribe

(crying out)

Oh, this'll mean death without mercy, pure and
simple —

Streltsy

(in the distance)

Hey, look lively!

Scribe

I'll get no quarter!

The prince is sure to discover everything

and I'll never be forgiven.

O Lord!

Streltsy

Hey, you fellows!

Scribe

I shall be flogged and tortured
to death!

Streltsy

Hey, men of the ranks,
you bold Streltsy,

goy, gulyayte, vi gulyayte veselo.

Shaklovitiy

(trevozhno)

Streltsi ... slishish? Streltsi!

(Zakrivayetsya okhabnem i otkhodit k stolbu.)

Podyachiy

(prislushivayetsya)

Oy, matushki, likhonko!

(Toroplivo pryachet pismo.)

Streltsi

Netu vam preponushki,

a i net zapretu.

Goy, gulyayte, gulyayte veselo.

Dushite, goy,

i likhikh gubite smutu vrazhyu.

Shaklovitiy

(podkhodit k budke Podyachevo; toroplivo)

Ukhodyat ... Slish ti, strochilo!

Da slushay zhe.

Podyachiy

(pod vliyaniyem strakha)

Molchi uzh ... molchi!

(Podyachiy prislushivayetsya. Shaklovitiy obdumivayet donos. Uspokaivayas, Podyachiy dostayot pismo i probegayet yevo, ispravlyaya znaki i titli.)

Slava tebe Gospodi!

Promchalo proklyatikh.

Uzh kak ya ne lyublyu ikh,

i skazat ne mozhno.

Ne lyudi: zveri, sushchiye zveri!

Chto ni stupyat — krov,

chto ne khvatyat — golovu naproch;

a vo domakh skorb i stoni ...

I vsyo eto, vish, dlya porядka nado ...

Shaklovitiy

Slish ti:

zhivo, v stroku vedi!

«A mi zhivyom nime v pokhoronkakh;

a kogda Gospod utishit i vsyo sokhranitsya,

i togda obyavimsya».

(Podyachiy pishet.)

Podyachiy

«V pokhoronkakh ...

obyavimsya» ...

Gotovo.

Shaklovitiy

«Vruchit tsarevne» ...

hey, on the loose, enjoy yourselves.

Shaklovity

(alarmed)

The Streltsy! Do you hear that? The Streltsy!

(He pulls his cloak around himself and hides behind the pillar.)

Scribe

(listening)

Oh, mother, it's dreadful!

(He quickly hides the letter.)

Streltys

You can't stop us,

we admit no law!

Hey, on the loose, enjoy yourselves!

Smother, hey, put down

the evil disturbance of the enemy!

Shaklovity

(approaching the Scribe's booth; hurriedly)

They're going away ... listen, scribbler!

Now listen!

Scribe

(frightened)

Be quiet now ... shut up!

(He listens. Shaklovity ponders the

denunciation. Calming down, the Scribe pulls out the letter and corrects it.)

Thank God, they've gone,

damn 'em!

I can't tell you

how much I hate 'em!

They're not human — they're beasts, complete and utter beasts!

Wherever they go blood is spilled;

no sooner do they get their hands on you than

it's off with your head,

while there's nothing but weeping and groaning in the homes of the people ...

and, you see, it's all in the name of law and order ...

Shaklovity

Now listen:

and write quickly!

"At present we stay in hiding,

but when God brings peace and all is safe,

then we shall reveal ourselves."

(The Scribe writes.)

Scribe

"... in hiding ...

shall reveal ourselves ..."

There, that's done.

Shaklovity

"Deliver to the Tsarevna."

Podyachiy*(pishet)*

«Vruchit tsarevne».

Shaklovitiy*(beryt pismo)*

Oboroni tebya Gospod.

Smotri zh, pomni!

Podyachiy

Da chto ti strashchayesh?

Ey-Bogu, dosadno!

Nevest kakaya ptitsa,

tuda zh kichitsya khochet!

Polna moshna,

tak i pugat lyubo!

Shaklovitiy

Oy, li! Oy, ne khoti uznat,

s kem imeyesh delo;

oy, ne nudi skazat,

chto za chelovek ya.

Proklyatiy ot veka,

dyavola khodatay:

iz noneshnikh budushchiy.

Proshchay!

*(Ukhodit.)***Podyachiy***(sledit za ukhodom Shaklovitovo)*

Skatertyu doroga, Proshchay.

Vot, chudak-to, pravo;

nevdomyok yemu podyachaya slava:

i silen, kazhis,

i znaten, i bogat,

i nos svoy vot ved kak vorotit:

da vsyo zh, kak posmotrish,

khot silyon i znaten,

a nashevo ledashchevo telka glupeye.

A yaz, cherv prezrenniy,

pokhitrey malenko:

pod ruku pokoynichka Ananeva podkinul:

«mertviye bo srama ne imut».

Khe, khe!

(Beryot koshyol so stoyki.)

A nu, koshyol,

(Razvyazivayet.)

stupay-ko na raspravu.

*(Schitayet dengi.)***Prishiye Lyudi***(za stsenoy)*

4 Zhila kuma, slila kuma,

Scribe*(writing)*

“Deliver to the Tsarevna.”

Shaklovity*(taking the letter)*

May God help you.

Remember, I warn you!

Scribe

Why do you keep on frightening me?

Good God, I've had enough of you!

Who are you, anyway,

to put on such airs?

Your purse is too full,

so you amuse yourself scaring people.

Shaklovity

That so? But don't you try to find out

with whom you have to do.

Don't force me to tell you

who I am.

Cursed from the day I was born,

I'm the devil's advocate.

I may be unknown now, but you will hear about
me

in the future! Farewell!

*(Exit.)***Scribe***(following after Shaklovity)*

Good riddance! Farewell.

There's a queer cuss for you!

He hasn't a notion about clerks!

Apparently a man of some importance,

powerful and wealthy.

See how he sticks his nose in the air!

But when all's said and done,

in spite of his rank and importance,

he's sillier than a new-born calf!

And as for me, poor worm,

I'm cleverer than he is:

just to be on the safe side, I signed it with the

name of the late, lamented Anayev:

no one can harm the dead!

Ha, ha!

(He picks up the purse.)

And now for my purse ...

(opening it)

let's inspect it.

*(He counts the money.)***Muscovites***(in the distance)*

Once upon a time there lived Kuma,

a sliła kuma nedotrogoy,
 chto sliła I kuma ubogoy.
 Vot kum proznal, vot kum ponyal,
 kak k kume bī podstupit,
 chem kume bī dosadit
*(Prishliye lyudi vikhodyat na stsenu. Podyachiy
 pryachet koshyol.)*
 I kum poshyol i kum nashyol ...
*(Uvidyat stolb. Podyachiy schitayet dengi
 oshchupuyu, pod stoykoy, podglyadivaya, ne bez
 strakha, na prishlikh lyudey. Prishliye lyudi
 osmatrivayut stolb, obkhodyat evo,
 oshchupivayut; nedoumevayut molcha.)*
 Chto b eto na Moskve takoye prikiyuchilos?
 Vot-to, brattsī, krepko stolbushek slozhilil!
 Ekoy grib povityanulo za noch!
 Stoyte, brattsī, stoyte;
 uz h vot-to divo, pravo:
 stolbushek-to s nadpisem.
 Pravo slovo, s nadpisem!
 Brattsī, stoyte, nadpis!
 Tut-ko nadpis yest,
 na stolbe-to, brattsī, nadpis!
 Ay, proznat bī lyubo ...
 Kto b казал nam: chto tut? Chto tut pisano.
 Kto robyatushki, kto gramotniy?
 Kusi-ko lokot, parni!
 Mī ne gramotni.
 Kto b chital nam, chto tut pisano?
 Da netu gramotnikh.
 Netu gramotnikh. Netu.
 Kak zhe tak? Vovse netu.
(Zadumivayutsya i pereglyadivayutsya.)
 Vot-to derevenshchina: dura duroy!
 Podyachiy-to na chto?
 Stoyte, chyorti! On ot vlastey postavlen.
 On ot vlastey, robyata.
 Chto zh, chto ot vlastey.
 Nu, da kak-to boyazno.
 Chto za boyazno?
 A mī s pochyotom da i s pochestyu,
 vo vsem kak po ustavu nado.
 A nu-ko s pochestyu da chinno podkhodi,
 robyata!
 Ne bit bī bede kakoy al khudu!
(Podyachemu)
 Dobriy chelovek,
 kazhi nam, milyy,
 chto tut pisano?

Podyachiy

As?

Prishliye Lyudi

Chto tut-ko pisano?

and they said that
 she was unapproachable and a little mad.
 Then Kum learned, then Kum understood
 how to approach her
 and how to provoke her.
*(The Muscovites enter the scene. The Scribe
 hides his purse.)*
 And so he came and he found ...
*(They see the pillar. The Scribe counts the
 money under the counter of the booth by feel,
 fearfully glancing at the Muscovites. The
 Muscovites examine the pillar, walking around it
 and touching it in puzzled silence.)*
 What has happened here in Moscow?
 Look brothers, they have erected a pillar!
 This mushroom has sprouted overnight.
 Well, brothers,
 that's a real puzzle —
 there's something written there;
 what do you think
 it could be?
 Yes, something's written,
 written up there.
 Wouldn't it be nice to know what it says ...
 Who can tell us what's written?
 Hey lads, which of you can read?
 How frustrating, lads,
 we are illiterate.
 Who can read for us what is written?
 We're all illiterate.
 Nobody can read.
 What are we to do then?
(becoming thoughtful and looking at each other)
 Oh, we are such stupid, foolish peasants!
 There is the Scribe, what is he for?
 Stop, you devils — he works for the
 government!
 He works for the government, lads.
 So what if he's from the government?
 It's somehow frightening.
 Why is it frightening?
 We'll do it politely and courteously.
 We'll approach him according to protocol.
 And now, let's approach him, lads,
 with courtesy and respect.
(to the Scribe)
 Would you be so kind
 as to tell us
 what is written here?

Scribe

What?

Muscovites

What's written there?

Podyachiy

Izbu stroil s krayu,
nichego ne znayu.

Prishliye Lyudi

Da ti, drug, ne storozhsya.
Ved mī narod kak yest ubogoy.

Podyachiy

As? ... Koli gol kak sokol,
tak podyachevo ne dlya chego.

Prishliye Lyudi

Robyata, vzyatku, vzyatku, nudit.
Nu, da s nas-to vzyatki gladki,
ne nazhivyotsya, dyavol.
Vsyo zh, robyata, znat bī nado,
chto tam na stolbe za nadpis!
Vot chto, brattsī: vzimem!
Vzimem! Kovo?
Podyachevo, da s budkoy vzimem,
k stolbu evo: chitay nam nadpis!
*(Podnimayut budku, vmeste s sidyashchim v
ney Podyachim, i nesut k stolbu.)*
«Zhil da bil podyachiy semdesyat godov.»

Podyachiy

*(v uzhasе, visovivayas iz budki i makhaya
rukami)*
Akhti! ... Akhti! ... Pravoslavniye! ...
(krichit)
Dushat, rezhut, akhti! Pomogite!

Prishliye Lyudi

Nazhil on, podyachiy, sotni dve grekhov.
Stavil on izbushku s krayu ot sela.
Mnogo v toy izbushke skhoronil on zla.
Snyali tu izbushku, snyali, ponесли,
klanyalis podyachemu v poyas do zemli:
*(Stavyat budku u stolba i klanyayutsya
Podyachemu.)*
uzh ti potesh nas, uzh ti nas pozhaluy:
ti ukazhi nam, izvol, chevo ne znayem.
Otkazal podyachiy. Vzyatki zakhotelos.
Tut robyata prinyalisya za izbushku,
oy, pochali taskat tesovuyu-to krīshu.
(Prinimayutsya razbirat krīshu na budke.)

Podyachiy

Stoyte, stoyte, okayanniye!
Chto vi eto, sushchiye razboyniki,
chto vi tut zateyali? ...
Prochtu vam ... slishite?

Prishliye Lyudi

Bros, robyata!

Scribe

I've built my "hut" on the outskirts,
and know nothing about this.

Muscovites

Don't be afraid;
we are just simple people.

Scribe

What? If you're poor as church mice,
a scribe can be of no use to you.

Muscovites

Lads, he's asking for a bribe.
You'll not profit from us,
you devil.
Well, lads, we need to know
what is written on the pillar.
Lads, lift him up!
Up he goes! Who?
Let's raise him up to the pillar in his booth
and make him read what is written on it.
*(lifting the booth with the Scribe in it and
carrying it towards the pillar)*
"Once upon a time there was a scribe who lived
to be seventy."

Scribe

*(Horrified, he leans out of the booth, giving
himself up for lost.)*
Ha! Ha! Christians!
(shouting)
They're strangling me! Help!

Muscovites

He accumulated two hundred sins.
He built his "hut" outside the village.
Many evils were locked up inside.
We lifted his "hut" ...
We bow deeply before him, low to the ground.
*(They set down the booth next to the pillar and
bow to the Scribe.)*
Have mercy on us, show us respect,
tell us what we do not know.
The scribe refused. He wanted the bribe.
Then the lads decided to deal with his "hut"
by taking it apart.
(They begin to dismantle the roof of the booth.)

Scribe

Stop, stop, bastards!
What are you doing, you rogues,
what are you doing?
I'll read it ... Can't you hear?

Muscovites

Lay off him!

Chto zh tī ortachilsya, lyubeznīy?
S chevo tesnit nas zadumal?
K tebe s pochotyotom,
a tī rovno
prikaznīy po razumu,
kak bī, mol,
dengu sorvat-to s bratii.

Podyachiy

Vot chto!
Vam bī tolko podati ne platit, —
Lyubo vam gullivenkim
bez rabotī zhit.

Prishliye Lyudi

Nu ladno!
Chitay-ko nadpis!

Podyachiy

- 5 Gospodi,
ot streltsov likhich oboroni!

Prishliye Lyudi

Chto zh tī? Chto zh tī?
Chto zh ne chtyosh?

Podyachiy

Chto mne delat?

Prishliye Lyudi

Chitay nam nadpis!

Podyachiy

Mudreno, neshto, pisano?

Gospodi, prishla, prishla moya smertushka.

Prishliye Lyudi

Yey, brat, s nami ne shuti!
Na provolochkakh nas-to ne poddenesh.
Tozhe ved prikinulsya!
Net, shalish, brat!
Net, teper popalsya!
Chitay nam nadpis!

Podyachiy

(vzdrognuv)
Pravoslavniye, strashnī kazni streletskiyey,
neutolima yarost ikh lyutaya!

Prishliye Lyudi

Nam-to chto? Chitay!

Podyachiy

(s otchayaniya)

Why did you not say so sooner, friend?
What made you think that you could push us aside?
We have shown you respect,
but you are being unreasonable,
just like a clerk,
as if you are trying
to extort money from your brothers.

Scribe

That's rich!
You'd do anything to avoid paying your taxes,
you just want to gad about
and live without a care.

Muscovites

That'll do now!
Read us what is written!

Scribe

(to himself)
Lord!
Save me from these bold Streltsy!

Muscovites

What's the matter? What is it?
Why aren't you reading?

Scribe

What am I to do?

Muscovites

Read us what is written.

Scribe

That's odd, is there something written here?
(to himself)
O God! My time has come, I am to die!

Muscovites

Hey, brother, don't play games with us!
You won't trick us with your dithering.
He's trying it on!
You can't fool us, brother!
Not now that we've got you!
Read us what is written!

Scribe

(shaking)
Christians, the Streltsy brutality
is horrifying! ...

Muscovites

Never mind, read it.

Scribe

(in despair)

Tak propaday moya golovushka!

(Chitayet nadpisi.)

«Izvoleniyem bozhim za nas, Velikikh Gosudarey,
nadvornniye pechoty polkov moskovskikh,
i pushkari, i zatinshchiki
ot velikikh k nim nalog i obid
i ot nepravdi pobili: ...»

Prishliye Lyudi

Streltsi, dolzhno bit.
Streltsi ved, znachit.

Podyachiy

«... knyazyza Telepnyu knutom da v silku;
knyazyza Romodanovskovo ubili:
turkam Chigirin sdal;
tozh ubili dumново dyaka Larionova,
sina Vasiliya ...»

Prishliye Lyudi

Vot-to zveri!

Podyachiy

«... vedal gadini otravniye
na gosudarskoye zdorovyе.»

Prishliye Lyudi

Nu, eto podelom.

Podyachiy

«Eshchyo boyar pobili ...»

Prishliye Lyudi

Kakikh boyar?

Podyachiy

«Bryantsevikh.»

Prishliye Lyudi

Eshchyo kovo?

Podyachiy

«Vsekh Solntsevikh.»

Prishliye Lyudi

Za chto, pro chto? V chyom provinilis?

Podyachiy

«Chinili denezhnuyu i khlebnyuyu ...
peredachu vsyo v perevod ...
zabiv strakh bozhiiy ...»

Prishliye Lyudi

Vot ono chto.

I'm done for!

(He reads it.)

"By God's will — on behalf of us sovereigns of
the court —
detachments of the Moscow infantry regiment
and those loaders and gunners,
who, for all the injustice inflicted on them,
have beaten up Prince Telepniya ..."

Muscovites

That must be the Streltsy.
Definitely the Streltsy.

Scribe

"He has been flogged and exiled.
Prince Romodanovsky was killed:
he surrendered Chigirin to the Turks.
They also killed Larionov, deacon of the Duma,
son of Vasily."

Muscovites

They are beasts!

Scribe

"They also tried
to poison the Tsar."

Muscovites

Serves them right.

Scribe

"The Boyars have also been beaten up ..."

Muscovites

Which Boyars?

Scribe

"... Bryantsevych."

Muscovites

Who else?

Scribe

"All the Solntsevychs."

Muscovites

What are they guilty of?

Scribe

"They transferred money and bread supplies
and used them for their own purposes,
ignoring the laws of God ..."

Muscovites

Oh, now we see.

Podyachiy

«A tem ... kto slovom zliim rechennikh lyudey,
nadvornuyu pekhotu polkov
moskovskikh obzovoyot ...»

Prishliye Lyudi

(mezhdū soboyu)

Slish ti! Slushay, brattsii!

Podyachiy

«I tem ... nash ... milostiviy ukaz ...
chinit bez vsyakiya poshchadi.»

Prishliye Lyudi

Breshesh! ... Vryosh ti eto!

Podyachiy

(iskrenno)

Kak pered Bogom, brattsii!

(Vkhodit v budku.)

Prishliye Lyudi

Gospodi!

Nastalo vremechko.

- 6 Okh ti, rodnaya matushka Rus,
net tebe pokoya, net puti,
grudyu krepko stala ti za nas,
da tebya zh, rodimuyu, gnetut.
Chto gnetyot tebya ne vorog zloy,
*(Za stsenoy streletskiye trubi: knyaz Ivan
Khovanskiy tvorit obkhod.)*
zloy chuzhoy, neproshenniy,
a gnetut tebya, rodimuyu,
vse tvoi zh robyata udaliye;
v neuryaditse da v pravezhakh
ti zhila zhila, stonala,
kto zh teper tebya, rodimuyu,
kto uteshit, uspokoit? ...

Malchishki

(za stsenoy)

Ay da! Veselo!

Zhenshchiny

(za stsenoy)

Ay, znatno, babi!

Zatyanem pesnyu!

Malchishki

Lyubo!

Prishliye Lyudi

(prislushivayutsya)

Chto b eto bilo? Chtoy-to, brattsii?

Scribe

"And also those who dare
to slander the court infantry
of the Moscow regiment ..."

Muscovites

(among themselves)

Listen! Listen to what he's saying!

Scribe

"... will be punished, and our kind orders
will be carried out without mercy."

Muscovites

You're a liar!

Scribe

(sincerely)

I swear to God!

(He enters the booth.)

Muscovites

O God!

What times these are!

O dear Russian Motherland,

there is no peace and no pain for you.

You always stand up to defend us

and *you* are the one who is always oppressed

and the oppressor is not ...

*(The Streltsy trumpets are heard in the distance,
heralding the approach of Prince Ivan Khovansky.)*

... the evil alien,

but your

own people;

in turmoil and injustice,

groaning, you lived through it.

Who will now console you,

my beloved Motherland?

Boys

(offstage)

What fun!

Women

(offstage)

Come on, girls, it's grand!

Let's sing a song!

Boys

This is great!

Muscovites

(listening)

What's this? What's going on?

Podyachiy

(prishlīm lyudyam, vīdyā iz budki)
 Sam lyutiŷ zver na vas idyot,
 vsyak chelovek pust proch deryot!
(Ukhodit.)

Prishliye Lyudi

Da nu te k dyavolu!

Zhenshchini

Belomu lebedyu put prostoren,
 znatnovno boyarina slavte, slavte!

Streltsi

(za stsenu)
 Bolshoy idyot!

Malchishki

Ey, proch s dorogi!
 Slava, slavte, Batke!

Prishliye Lyudi

Tolpa valit! Ay, babi, vsyo!
 Al prazdnik, chto l, kakoy?
(storonyatsya)

Malchishki

(vibegayut na stsenu)
 Dorogu vsem, Bolshoy idyot;
 s dorogi proch, sam Batka poshyol!

Zhenshchini

(vikhodyat na stsenu)
 Slava lebedyu, slava!
 Slava belomu!

Malchishki

Slava, slava Batke, slava!

Streltsi

Bolshoy idyot!

Prishliye Lyudi

Vot tak, brattsi, lyubo!
 Chtoy-to za prazdnik na Moskve?
 Chto ni den, to pir goroy!

Zhenshchini i Malchishki

Prostor yemu.

Streltsi

(vikhodyat na stsenu)
 Storonis, narod!

Scribe

(to the Muscovites, coming out of his booth)
 The savage brute himself is approaching,
 let all mere humans take to their heels!
(He flees.)

Muscovites

Go to the devil!

Women

The way for the White Swan* is spacious, sing
 praises to the noble Boyar, praise him!
 *The "White Swan" is the crowd's name for
 Ivan Khovansky.

Streltsy

(in the distance)
 The Chief is coming!

Boys

Make way!
 Glory to the Chief-our-father!

Muscovites

The crowd is coming! They're all women!
 Is there a festival today?
(All make way for the Streltsy.)

Boys

(entering)
 Make way all of you, the Chief's coming!
 Make way, the Chief-our-father's here!

Women

(entering)
 Hail to the Swan, hail!
 Hail to the White Swan!

Boys

Hail, hail to the Chief-our-father!

Streltsy

The Chief's coming!

Muscovites

Ah, brothers, that's nice!
 What's this festive day in Moscow?
 Every day is a festive day here!

Women, Boys

Make way for him!

Streltsy

(approaching)
 Stand aside, people!

Prishliye Lyudi

Streltsi-to ... rovno palachi!

Zhenshchini i Malchishki

Prostor yemu i slava!

Streltsi

(na stsene)

Sam Bolshoy idyot!

(Narod v obshchey gruppe. Streltsi k narodu)

Lyudi pravoslavniye, lyudi rossiyskiye,

sam Bolshoy derzhit rech:

vnemlite blagochinno,

Bolshoy idyot!

(Vkhodit knyaz Ivan Khovansky; postup plavnaya, derzhitsya visokomerno. Za nim streletskiye polkovniki i gosti moskovskkiye.)

Knyaz Ivan Khovansky

(tolpe)

7 Deti, deti moi!

Moskva i Rus, spasi Bog,

v pogrome velikom ...

ot tatey boyar kramolnykh,

ot zloy likhoy nepravdi.

Tak li, deti?

(Podkhodit neskolko blizhe k tolpe.)

Narod

Tak, tak, Bolshoy!

Pravda, pravda! Tyazhko nam!

Ivan Khovansky

Tovo radi podyali mī trud velikiy.

Na zdравye tsarey

blagikh kramolu izveli,

spasi Bog! Pravi I mi?

(Obkhodit tolpu.)

Narod

Prav! Bolshomu slava!

Slava Batke, slava!

Ivan Khovansky

Streltsi! Zaryazheni I mushketi?

Spasi Bog?

Streltsi

Vsyo gotovo, Batka!

Ivan Khovansky

Teper v obkhod po Moskve rodimoy,

vo slavu gosudarey!

(vsem)

Muscovites

Streltsy look like executioners.

Women, Boys

Make way for him and praise him!

Streltsy

(on the scene)

The Chief-our-father himself is coming!

(to the people, who are standing in a group)

God-fearing people, people of Russia,

the Chief will make a speech in person.

Listen dutifully.

The Chief is coming!

(Enter Prince Ivan Khovansky. He carries himself easily, with great arrogance. Behind him come the captains of the Streltsy and the elite of Moscow.)

Prince Ivan Khovansky

(to the crowd)

Children! My dear children!

Moscow and Russia ... God save them! ...

are in great distress ...

thanks to those thieving traitors the Boyars

and to wicked injustice.

That's so, isn't it, my children?

(He moves close to the crowd.)

People

Yes, it is, Chief.

It's only too true! Times are hard!

Ivan Khovansky

And so we have been at great pains,

for the sake of the young Tsars,

to crush this treason.

God save us! Are we right?

(He walks around the crowd.)

People

Yes, quite right! Glory to the great man!

Glory to the Chief-our-father!

Ivan Khovansky

Streltsy, are your muskets ready?

God save us!

Streltsy

Everything's ready, father!

Ivan Khovansky

Let's go the rounds of our beloved Moscow,

in the name of the Tsars.

(to everyone)

Slavte nas!

Narod

Slava lebedyu, slava belomu,
slava boyarinu samomu bolshomu.
(*Streletskiye trubii*)
Lebedyu khod lyogok,
day tebe Bozhe zdravye i slavu!
Slava Batke, slava!

Streltsi

Bolshoy poshyol.
Slava Batke!
Sam Bolshoy poshyol!

Narod

Slava Bolshomu!

Streltsi i Narod

Bolshoy idyot!
Sam Batka poshyol! Slava!

(*Iz glubini stseni, pryamo protiv zritelya,
povyavlyayutsya kn. Andrey Khovansky i Emma.
Khovansky pitayetsya obnyat Emmu.*)

Emma

- 8 Pustite, pustite!
Ostavte, pustite menya! ...
Vi strashni!

Knyaz Andrey Khovansky

Net, net,
golubke ne uyti ot sokola khishchnovo!

Emma

Szhaltes, szhaltes!
Umolyayu, szhaltes!

Andrey Khovansky

Ay, spesiva stala golubka,
da v kogtyakh u sokola.

Emma

(*virivayetsya*)
Slushayte!
Ya znayu vas: vi knyaz Khovansky.
Vi ubili ottsa moyevo;
vi zhenikha izgnali;
vi ne szhalilis dazhe nad bednoy materyu
moyey.
Nu chto zh vi? Nu, kaznite menya.
Ya ved v vashikh rukakh.

Raise a song in our honour!

[Exit Ivan Khovansky, followed by his Streltsy
and retinue.]

People

Hail to the White Swan,
hail to the greatest of all the Boyars!
(*Streltsy trumpet calls*)
Fair may his course be!
God grant you health and fame!
Glory to the Chief-our-father!

Streltsy

The Chief is here!
Hail to the Chief-our-father!
The Chief himself is here!

People

Hail to the great man!

Streltsy, People

The Chief's coming!
The Chief-our-father is here! Glory!

(*Prince Andrei Khovansky and Emma come in;
he is trying to embrace her.*)

Emma

Let me go!
Leave me alone, let me go!
You terrify me!

Prince Andrei Khovansky

No, no,
the dove cannot escape the rapacious falcon.

Emma

Have mercy on me, have mercy!
I beg you, have mercy!

Andrei Khovansky

So! The dove gets lofty ideas
even in the grip of the falcon's talons.

Emma

(*pulling away from him*)
Listen!
I know you: you are Prince Khovansky.
You killed my father;
you banished my betrothed;
you had no pity even for my poor mother.
Very well, then, kill me!
I'm in your hands.

Andrey Khovansky

Kak khorosha ti, ptashka, vo gneve:
slovno za malikh ptentsov vstrepenulasya.
Akh, polyubi menya, krasavitsa;
akh, ne tupi ti ochi yasniye o siru zemlyu ...

Emma

Pustite menya!
Yesli nado, skorey ubeyte menya ...
Ubeyte!

Andrey Khovansky

Otdaysya mne! ... Ne pitay menya!
Poimu tebya v tsaritsi, Emma,
i tsarskim ventsom ukrashu!

Emma

Bozhe moy! Chto on govorit? ...
Chto eto, Bozhe moy!

Andrey Khovansky

Snimi ti grust — kruchinu
s serdtsa sokola, golubka;
akh, ne pugaysya, ti ved lyuba moy!

Emma

Bozhe, ti krepost i zashchita!

Andrey Khovansky

Otdaysya zh mne!

Marfa

(u stolba)

Otdaysya yemu.

Emma

Knyaz!

Andrey Khovansky

Lyubi menya!

Marfa

(u stolba)

Lyubi evo!

Emma

Knyaz, ostavte menya! ...

Andrey Khovansky

Emma!

Emma

Pustite,
ya skazala: ubeyte menya ...
ubeyte!

Andrei Khovansky

How pretty you are when you're angry, my little
bird;
just like a little bird defending its young!
Love me, my beauty;
don't cast your bright eyes to the ground.

Emma

Let me go,
or kill me quickly!
Kill me!
*[Marfa enters unperceived and stands watching
Andrei Khovansky and Emma.]*

Andrei Khovansky

Be mine! ... Don't torture me!
I'll make you tsarevna, Emma,
and put a crown on your head.

Emma

O my God! What is this?
What's happening?

Andrei Khovansky

My dove, dispel the sadness
in my falcon heart;
don't be frightened, my love!

Emma

God, you are my fortress!

Andrei Khovansky

Be mine!

Marfa

(aside)

Be his.

Emma

Prince!

Andrei Khovansky

Love me!

Marfa

(aside)

Love him!

Emma

Let me go, prince!

Andrei Khovansky

Emma!

Emma

Leave me alone!
I told you to kill me!
Kill me then!

Andrey Khovansky

Nu tak siloy

sgibnet golubku sokol yarostniy.

Emma

Spasite, o, pomogite!

Andrey Khovansky

Net spasenya golubke,

chto v kogtyakh sokolinīikh!

Emma

Pomogite! Spasite! ...

Andrey Khovansky

Net, net spasenya!

(derzko)

Net nikovo!

Marfa*(razyedinyaya Khovanskovo i Emmu)*

Ya zdes.

Andrey Khovansky*(oshelomlyonniy)*

Marfa? ...

Marfa

9 Tak, tak, knyazhe!

Ostalsya ti veren mne!

Vidno, skoro, moy lyubiy,

opostila ya.

Klyalsya, bozhilsya ti, moy knyazhe,

chto neizmenish mne;

tolko ne v poru

bila ta klyatva, lyubiy moy.

(Polagayet ruku na plecho Emmi.)

Teper druguyu imesh:

bud s neyu schastliv ti.

Emma*(Marfe)*

Ya ne vinovna!

Poshchadite menya!

Marfa*(Emme)*

Spokoysya, ti so mnoy, ditya moyo.

Andrey Khovansky*(v storonu)*

Sam bes tolknul syuda

vedmu lyutuyu!

Emma

Vi dobraya,

vi zashchitite menya.

On strashen, ya boyus yevo.

On bezzhalostno presleduyet menya.

Andrei Khovansky

So, then the furious falcon

will take the dove by force.

Emma

Save me! Oh, help!

Andrei Khovansky

There's no escape

for the dove caught in the falcon's talons!

Emma

Help! Save me!

Andrei Khovansky

There's no escape!

(boldly)

There's no one about!

Marfa*(coming between Khovansky and Emma)*

I am here!

Andrei Khovansky*(astounded)*

Marfa? ...

Marfa

So, prince,

this is how you remain true to me!

It's clear you've soon grown tired of me,

my dear.

You swore before God

you wouldn't deceive me, prince,

but it has proved beyond your power

to keep the vow, my love!

(putting her hand on Emma's shoulder)

Now you are trying to have another.

Be happy with her.

Emma*(to Marfa)*

I am not guilty!

Have mercy on me!

Marfa*(to Emme)*

You're safe with me, my child.

Andrei Khovansky*(aside)*

The devil himself must have brought

the wicked witch here!

Emma

You are kind,

you will defend me.

He's horrible — I'm afraid of him.

He's pursuing me mercilessly.

Marfa

Ya znayu vsyo;
na grekh moy, vsyo ya videla.
Zorkim strazhem o tebe ya stanu;
prituplyu ya kogti zlova sokola.

Andrey Khovansky

Slovno zmey shipit!
Uymu ya tebya, dosadnuyu;
budet tebe, babe, teshitsya.

Marfa

(laskaya Emmu)
Ti neporochna,
chista, ne vinna ti.

Andrey Khovansky

(naglo ottalkivaya Marfu)
S chevo ti, pravo, tut, krasavitsa?
Al k babe babu tyanet ne v poru?

Marfa

Ne pora li parnyu-to pokayatsya:
ved ne vek zhe lgat na serdtse devichye;
al v boyarskoy spesi bolshe razuma,
chem v stradanyach devitsi pokinutoy!

Andrey Khovansky

Umolkni, vedma!

Marfa

Al zabil ti prislyagu, knyaz:
"Ne znavatsya s veroy lyutyeranskoj ..."

Andrey Khovansky

Gospodi!
Donesyot, podi, lyutaya ...

Emma

On smushchyon, on boitsya?

Marfa

... prezirat prelishchenye Antikhristovo,
pod strakhom muki vechniya!"

Andrey Khovansky

... Na poruganye,
na sud ottsov svedyot.

Emma

A so mnoyu strashen bil.

Andrey Khovansky

(v storonu)
Net, nepoddamsya ya;

Marfa

I know everything;
to my sorrow, I saw everything.
A vigilant guard, I'll stand by you.
I will dull the claws of the evil falcon.

Andrei Khovansky

She is hissing like a snake!
I'll silence you, aggravating woman!
That'll be the end of all your tricks.

Marfa

(tenderly, to Emma)
You are not guilty,
you are pure.

Andrei Khovansky

(roughly pushing Marfa away)
What do you want here, my beauty?
Do women attract you more now?

Marfa

Isn't it time for you to repent?
You can't carry on lying to women all your life;
is a Boyar's vanity more important
than a forsaken girl's grief?

Andrei Khovansky

Silence, you witch!

Marfa

Or have you forgotten your vow, prince:
"to have nothing to do with the Lutheran
faith ..."

Andrei Khovansky

My God!
The evil woman will denounce me ...

Emma

(to herself)
He seems troubled. Is he afraid?

Marfa

"... to despise the temptations of the Antichrist,
on pain of eternal torment!"

Andrei Khovansky

... violate my right to command respect
and bring me before the court of the fathers.

Emma

And yet, he filled me with terror.

Andrei Khovansky

(to himself)
No, I won't give in;

net, pokonchu razom s neyu.

(Marfa, derzko)

Slikhala I ti, krasavitsa,
pro nekovo molodchika:
kak s svoey vozlyublennoy,
chto opostila-to,
on, likh molodets, razvedalsya
(Marfa zorko sledit za Khovanskim.)
bez okolichnostey,
a i vikhvatil on vostriy nozh ...
(Brosayetsya s nozhom na Marfu.)

Emma

(vskrikivayet)

Akh!

Marfa

(vikhvativayet iz-pod ryaski nozh i otrazhayet udar)

Slikhala, knyazhe, i navivorot ...
Tolko ne tot konets
tebe ya ugotovila,
i ne ot moyey ruki
svedyosh ti scheti s zhiznyu.

(vostorzhenno)

Chuyet bolyashcheye serdtse sudbi glagol;
viditsya v gornikh obitel divno presvetlaya!

Emma

On uzhasen, on zlodey!

Gospod, spasi yeyo,
shchitom svyatim ti okhrani!
Ona menya spasla:

bessilnaya yeyo spasti.

Andrey Khovansky

Dyavol sam nagnal
zluyu vedmu pitat menya!
Slovno churovana,
i vostryi nozh neymyot yeyo;
besstrashna, ozloblena;
i net otnine zapreta ey!

Marfa

I k ney, v luce chudesnom ...
(Streletskiye trub'i za stsenoy)

Narod

(za stsenoy)

Slava lebedyu!

Streltsi

(za stsenoy)

Batka idyot!

Marfa

... mchatsya usopshikh dushi! ...

I'll finish her off at once.

(boldly to Marfa)

Have you ever heard, my beautiful,
about the young fellow
who, tiring of his mistress,
fine fellow,
got rid of her ...
(Marfa observes Andrei closely.)
... without more ado,
he pulled out a sharp knife ...
(He throws himself on Marfa with a knife.)

Emma

(screaming)

Ah!

Marfa

(swiftly drawing a dagger from under her cloak and parrying his blow)

I know the story too, prince, but the other way
round ...

Only this is not the end
I was preparing for you,
nor is it at my hand you
will settle your account with life.

(as if in a trance)

My suffering heart divines the future;
in the heavens I see a cloister in a blaze of light!

Emma

He is terrible, he is a villain!

O God, save her,
defend her with your holy shield.
She saved me,
but I am powerless to save her!

Andrei Khovansky

The devil himself has sent
this wicked witch to torment me.
It's as if she bore a charmed life,
even the sharp dagger does not harm her!
She's fearless, she's furious —
nothing can stop her now!

Marfa

And in the wondrous light ...
(Streletsy trumpet calls in the distance)

People

(in the distance)

Glory be to the Swan!

Streltsy

(in the distance)

Our Chief is coming!

Marfa

... the souls of the departed fly up to it.

Narod

Bolshomu slava!

Andrey Khovansky

(prislushivayetsya)

Otets idyot.

Emma

(prislushivayetsya k dvizheniyu za stsenoy;

Marfe)

Chto tam?

Marfa

(prislushivayetsya)

Bolshoy idyot.

Narod

(vikhodyat na stsenu)

Slava lebedyu, slava belomu.

Slava boyarinu samomu bolshomu!

Lebedyu khod shirok! Day Bozhe!

Emma

(v uzhase padayet na koleni)

Bozhe, ti krepost moy!

Streltsi

(vikhodyat na stsenu)

Batka idyot!

Spasi Bozhe nashevo Batku!

(Vkhodit knyaz Ivan Khovansky.)

Ivan Khovansky

(v izumlenii)

10 Chto takoye?

(Marfa klanyayetsya Iv. Khovanskomu.)

Knyaz Andrey?

(Marfe, mimokhodom)

Zdravstvuy, Marfa!

(rassmatrivayet Emmu)

I ne odin,

s krasotkoy, i belolitsey,

i nam priglyadnoy ...

Streltsi, za karaul yeyo!

(Streltsi brosayutsya na Emmu, no ostanavlivayutsya pered Andreyem Khovanskim.)

Andrey Khovansky

(zasloniyayet Emmu)

Proch!

Net, ne otdam yeyo na pitku,

vam, zlodeyam, na potekhi;

net, net, ne vam, kholopyam, sporit

s voleyu moyey ne ukrotimoy! ...

Ivan Khovansky

(v nedoumenii)

Chto zh eto, spasi Bog!...

People

Hail to the great man!

Andrei Khovansky

(listening)

My father's coming!

Emma

(listening to the movements in the distance; to

Marfa)

What's that?

Marfa

(listening attentively)

The Chief is coming!

People

(entering)

Glory be to the White Swan ...

Hail to the greatest of all the Boyars!

Make way for the Swan!

Emma

(falling to her knees, frightened)

O God, Thou art my strength!

Streltsy

(entering)

Our Chief is coming!

God save our father!

(Prince Ivan Khovansky comes in.)

Ivan Khovansky

(amazed)

What's going on?

(Marfa kneels before Ivan Khovansky.)

Prince Andrei?

(to Marfa, in passing)

Good day to you, Marfa.

(looking at Emma)

Not alone either ...

with a pretty girl ...

she's to my liking too ...

Streltsy, put her under guard!

(The Streltsy rush towards Emma, but are stopped by Andrei Khovansky.)

Andrei Khovansky

(standing in front of Emma)

Off with you!

I won't give her up to be tortured,

to become your plaything, brigands;

no, slaves, do not dare

to oppose me!

Ivan Khovansky

(shocked)

What's this? God save us! ...

Kak tak? ...
Yey vi, streltsi, vzyat yeyo!

Andrey Khovansky
(*ottalkivaya streltsov*)
Proch, skazal ya!

Streltsi
Ne mozhno, Batka!
Knyaz Andrey meshayet.

Andrey Khovansky
Knyaz — batyushka!

Ivan Khovansky
(*v razdumye*)
Budto i vpravdu
mi bole ne glavenstvuyem;
budto b veleli nam,
chto bole ne vlastni nad sinom!

Andrey Khovansky
Knyaz — batyushka!

Ivan Khovansky
Chto?
Kto mozhet velet nam?
Kto smeyet protivitsya nam?
(*streltsam*)
Vo imya Velikikh Gosudarey,
preslavnikh i vsemoshchnikh ...

Andrey Khovansky
Batyushka!

Ivan Khovansky
... dnes vam, streltsi,
povelevayem neotlozhno:
(*ukazivaya na Emmu*)
lyuterku, chto tam,
otnyat i k nam syuda dostavit!
(*Streltsi ryano brosayutsya k Andreyu*
Khovanskomu, on zanosit nozh na Emmu.)

Andrey Khovansky
Tak myortvoyu imayte!
(*Vkhodit Dosifey; za nim neskolko ryasonostsev.*)
Dosifey
(*ostanavlivayet ruku Andreyu Khovanskovu*)
Stoy!
Besnovatiye! Pochto besnuyetes?

Ivan Khovansky
(*gnevno*)
Al mi ne vlastni? ...

What did you say? ...
Streltsy, take her away!

Andrei Khovansky
(*pushing back the Streltsy*)
I said be off!

Streltsy
We can't, Chief!
Prince Andrei is interfering.

Andrei Khovansky
My lord father ...

Ivan Khovansky
(*pondering*)
It looks as if we indeed
are no longer in command,
as if we no longer
have authority over our son!

Andrei Khovansky
My lord father!

Ivan Khovansky
What's that?
Who dares tell us what to do?
Who dares oppose us?
(*to the Streltsy*)
In the name of their Imperial Majesties,
all-glorious and all-powerful ...

Andrei Khovansky
Father!

Ivan Khovansky
... I command you, Streltsy,
without fail,
(*pointing to Emma*)
to seize that Lutheran girl there,
and bring her to us!
(*The Streltsy rush on Andrei Khovansky; he*
attempts to stab Emma.)

Andrei Khovansky
Then take her dead!
(*Dosifei enters, accompanied by some clerics.*)
Dosifei
(*restraining Andrei Khovansky's hand*)
Stop!
Possessed of the devil! Why are you all so full
of rage?

Ivan Khovansky
(*furiously*)
Are we not master here?

Emma*(opuskayetsya na koleni pered Dosifeyem)*

O, kto b ni bili vi ...
 spasite, spasite,
 ne dayte gibnut mne! ...
 Szhaltes!

Dosifey*(Marfe, spokoyno)*

Marfa, svedi-ko lyuterku domoy;
(Marfa pripodnimayet Emmu.)
 da na puti zashchitoy vernoy bud yey,
 chado moyo.

Marfa*(delayet poyasnoy poklon)*

Otche, blagoslovi.
(Tikho uvodit Emmu.)

Dosifey

Mir ti!

A vi, besnovatiye!
 eshchyo sproshu:
 pochto besnuyetes?
 Prispelo vremya mraka
 i gibeli dushevnoy:
 vozmozhyo Gordad!
 I ot stremnin gorkikh,
 i ot yazvin svoikh
 izidyosha otstupleniye
 ot istinnoy tserkvi russkoy.
 Bratya, drugi,
 vremya za veru stat pravoslavnyuyu!
 Na pryu gryadem,
 na pryu velikuyu.
 I noyet grud... i serdtse zybnet ...
 Otstoim li veru svyatuyu? ...

(smirenno klanyayetsya)
 Pomogite, pravoslavniye!

Ivan Khovansky

Streltsi! ... Zhivo! V Krem!
 Vzyat vse karauli i zorkim byt
 vse vkhodi i vikhodi sterech neotstupno.
 Gospod khranit Moskvu! ...

Streltsi

Kostmi za veru lyazhem.

Ivan Khovansky

(trubacham)
 Trubi pokhod.
(Narod pyatitsya v nedoumenii.)
 Knyaz Andrey,
 v polkovnikakh idti!

Emma*(kneeling before Dosifei)*

Whoever you may be ...
 Oh, save me!
 Don't let me perish! ...
 Have pity on me!

Dosifei*(gently to Marfa)*

Marfa, take this Lutheran girl to her home.
(Marfa helps Emma to rise.)
 and protect her on the way,
 my child.

Marfa*(bows deeply)*

Father, give me your blessing.
(She leads Emma away.)

Dosifei

Peace be with you!

(to Ivan and Andrei Khovansky)

As for you, possessed of the devil,
 I ask once more
 why are you so full of rage?
 Spiritual darkness
 holds sway
 over us.
 Pride rules over us
 and its evil power
 makes us untrue
 to the one true Russian faith.
 Brethren, friends,
 the time has come to stand up for our ancient
 faith.
 A great struggle
 lies before us.
 My heart is cold with fear, my spirits languish.
 Can we save our holy faith? ...
(humbly kneeling)
 Come to my aid, God-fearing people!

Ivan Khovansky

Streltsy, forward march to the Kremlin!
 Stand vigilant at your posts!
 Guard well all entrances and exits.
 God save Moscow!

Streltsy

We will lay down our lives for our faith!

Ivan Khovansky

(to the trumpeters)
 Let the trumpets sound!
(The people withdraw perplexed.)
 Prince Andrei,
 take command as colonel!

(Ivan Khovansky ukhodit so streltsami. Andrey Khovansky sleduyet, ponurya golovu.)

Dosifey

(v misticheskom nastroyenii)

11 Gospodii!

Ne dazhd odoleti sile vrazhey;
Otche! Zastupi ot likhikh
tvoyo otkroveniye na blago chadam tvoim! ...
*(Klanyayetsya v zemlyu k storone Kremlya.
Kolokol Ivana Velikovo. Dosifey bistro
podnimayetsya.)*
Bratya, tyazhko mne!
Vozmozhem li spasti?
Poyte, bratya,
pesn otrecheniya ot mira sevo!
Gryadem na pryu.

Chyorniy Ryasonosti

Bozhe vesilniy,
otzheni slovesa
lukavstviya ot nas.
(Delayut povorot k Kremlyu.)
Sili soblazniye antikhrista
ti pobori!

Dosifey

(podnimaya ruki)

Otche!
Serdtshe otkrito tebe.
(Sleduyet.)

Chyorniy Ryasonosti

Bozhe nash! Blagiy!
Podkrepi!

VTOROYE DEYSTVIYE

*U knyazya Vasiliya Golitsina
Obstanovka v smeshannom vkuse:
moskovsko-evropeyskom. Knyaz Golitsin
chitayet pisma.
Letniy kabinet. Pozdno vecherom. Na
pismennom stole
knyazya zazhzheni kandelyabri. Sadik i krasivaya
reshyotka na
kamennikh stolbakh. Vechernyaya zarya.*

Knyaz Vasiliy Golitsin

(chitayet)

12 «Svet moy, bratets Vasenka,
zdravstvuy batyushka moy!
A mne ne veritsya, radost moya,
svet ochey moikh, chtobi svidetsya.
Velik bi den tot bil,

*(Ivan Khovansky leaves at the head of his
Streltsy. Prince Andrei Khovansky follows with
lowered head.)*

Dosifei

(with mystical emotion)

Dear Lord,
do not let our enemies overcome us.
Father, may Thy holy word
safeguard Thy faithful children!
*(He bows deeply in the direction of the Kremlin.
The bell of the Cathedral of Ivan the Great tolls.
Dosifei rises quickly.)*
Brothers, I am sore troubled!
Can we save our faith?
Brethren, let us sing
the hymns of renunciation of the world.
The battle draws night!

Old believers

Lord, deliver us
from the snares
of the Evil One!
(going off in the direction of the Kremlin)
Foil the powers of temptation
of Antichrist!

Dosifei

(raising his arms)

God.
I open my heart to Thee!
(He follows them.)

Old believers

Lord! Blessed one!
Stand by us now!

ACT TWO

*The residence of Prince Vasili Golitsyn.
The furnishings are in a mixed Moscow-
European style.
Prince Golitsyn is reading letters in the study of
a summer house, late in the evening. On the
desk is a burning candelabrum; the room looks
out onto a small garden with a beautiful
wrought-iron fence. It is dusk.*

Golitsyn

(reading)

“Warmest greetings to you, Vasenka,
my precious one!
I can hardly believe that I shall
see you again, light and joy of my life.
It will be a great day,

kogda tebya, sveta moyevo,
v obyatiyakh uvidela!
(Vsmatrivayetsya v pismo.)
Brela pesha ... iz Vozdvizhenska ...
Tolko otpiski ot boyar i ot tebya ...
Ne pomnyu kak vzoshla:
chla, iduchi.»
(Szhimayet Ó ruke pismo.)
Tsarevna, v zabotakh tyagostnikh
o blage gosudarey mladikh,
strasti kipuchey predana,
mechte o minuvshem naslazhdeni
vsechasno otdayotsya ...
(Vstayot.)
Verit li klyatve zhenshchini
vlastolyubivoy i silnoy? ...
(spokoyno)
Vechnoye somnenye,
vo vsyom, vseгда! ...
(zadumivayetsya; reshitelno)
Net, ne poddamsya ya
obmanu mechti pustoy,
oduryayushchikh minutnykh naslazhdeniy.
(ne bez nasmeshki)
Vam, konechno, veryu ya okhotno,
no s vami ostorozhnost nadobna,
ne to kak raz v nemilost ...
a tam ... golovu naproch!
Ostorozhno, getman-knyaz.

Bah!
Pismo ot matushki knyagini!
Skachut posli s kaznoyu knyazheskoy
dlya slavi potomka
velikikh slavnikh predkov!

Dlya del bolshikh bolshiye dengi nadobni.

“Ti, svet moy, sam vedayesh,
kakov ti mne nadoben,
dorozhe dushi moyey greshnoy.
Derzhisya chistoti dushevnoy i telesnoy.
Sam znayesh, kak ...
to Bogu lyubo ...”
Chto eto,
predznamenovanye, chto I?
Chem grozit resheniye sudbi moyey?
Chyorniyе dumі dushu pitayut;
bessilni mi postignut taynu;
nichtozhna vlast,
nichtozhen razum ...
«Derzhisya chistoti dushevnoy i telesnoy ...
To Bogu lyubo» ...
(On zadumivayetsya. Vkhodit dvoryanin

when I hold you once more in my arms,
my dearest.
(looking more closely at the letter)
I was strolling on foot ... from Vozdvizhensk ...
No letters, save from the Boyars and you ...
I cannot remember how I went:
I was reading as I walked alone ...”
(crumpling the letter in his hand)
The Tsarevna, despite her responsibilities
and the guardianship of the two young Tsars,
is still afire with passion
and dreams day and night
of our past love ...
(rising)
Can I trust the promise of a woman
so powerful and ambitious?
(calmly)
Eternal doubt
about everything ...
(ponders; then decisively)
No, I cannot let my imagination
play with vain dreams of the past,
the delightful pleasures of our love.
(with heavy irony)
I willingly trust you, of course,
but great caution is called for when dealing with
you;
one falls easily into disfavour ...
and then ... one's head may well roll!
Careful, mighty prince.
(At the desk, he picks up one of the letters.)
What's this?
A letter from my mama, the princess!
Envoys will ride hard with the princely coffer,
for the glory of the descendant
of grand and glorious forefathers!
(opening the letter)
For great deeds one needs great sums of
money.
(reading)
“You, light of my life,
know how I need you.
You are more precious to me
than my sinful soul.
Keep your soul and body pure ...
You know that is what God loves ...”
What is this?
Could it be an omen?
What does fate threaten me with?
Black thoughts torture my soul;
we are unable to fathom the mystery;
our power is meaningless,
such things are beyond our understanding.
“Keep your soul and body pure ...
That is what God loves ...”
(He again becomes pensive. Enter Varsonofiev,

Varsonofyev — klevret knyazya Golitsina.)
Kto tam?

Varsonofyev
Svetleyshiy knyaz!

Golitsin
Nu?

Varsonofyev
Lyuteranskiy svyashchennik chto-to
krepko pristol ko mne:
videt vas khhochet.

Golitsin
Tak pust voydyot!

Pastor
13 Ya znayu svyashchenniy vash obichay, knyaz,
nikogda ne otvergat proshenye
sinov Yevropi, lyubimoy vami.
Prostite, ya osmelilsya trevozhit vas
v visokikh dumakh vashikh!

Golitsin
Proshu vas mne povedat, pastor,
chem tak smushchyoni vi;
ne stesnyaytes, proshu vas,
skazhite mne,
chto trevozhit vas.

Pastor
Zloba i nenavist,
prezrenye i mshchenya zhazhda,
tseliy mir proklyatikh protivorechiy
terzayut serdtse moyo.

Golitsin
Chto s vami?

Pastor
Knyaz Khovansky, junior ...

Golitsin
Nu!

Pastor
sevodnya na ploshchadi ...

Golitsin
Nu zhe!

Pastor
obidel devushku ...

Golitsyn's confidant.)
Who's there?

Varsonofiev
Illustrious prince.

Golitsyn
Well?

Varsonofiev
A Lutheran minister has come to me
with an earnest request:
he wants to see you.

Golitsyn
Very well, let him come in!

[Exit Varsonofiev. Enter minister.]

Minister
I know that it is your honoured custom, prince,
always to give consideration to petitions
from the sons of your beloved Europe.
Forgive me for my boldness
in disturbing your elevated thoughts!

Golitsyn
Kindly tell me, minister,
what it is that troubles you so;
there is no need for shyness.
Tell me, I pray,
what is worrying you.

Minister
Malice and hatred,
contempt and thirst for revenge,
and a world filled with accursed conflict
are breaking my heart.

Golitsyn
Come to the point.

Minister
The young Prince Khovansky ...

Golitsyn
Well?

Minister
... on the square, today ...

Golitsyn
Yes, what?

Minister
... offended a maiden ...

Golitsin

Vot kak?

Pastor

neshchastnyyu sirotku ...

Golitsin

Emmu?

Pastor

Da, knyaz!

Golitsin

(pro sebya)

Tak vot v chyom delo!

Vidite, herr Pastor,
o, proshu vas, uspokoyses;
ne mogu vkhodit ya v delo chastnoye
Khovanskikh!

Pastor

(pro sebya)

Bozhe moy!

Golitsin

No, yesli budet vam ugodno prosit
v predelakh darovannoy mne vlasti,
ob uluchshenyakh i o lgotakh,
vozmozhnikh dlya vas,
dlya pastvi vashey ...

Pastor

Udobniy sluchay!

Golitsin

... ya s uchastyem primu proshenye vashe,
vedomo uzh vam moyo raspolozhenye.
Govorite, herr Pastor.

Pastor

Ya smushchyon ...

Ya opasayus ...

Golitsin

Govorite!

Pastor

(pro sebya)

Emmu otverg, bit mozhet,
pastor ne otvergnut budet.

Golitsin

Chto zh vi?

Golitsyn

Is that so?

Minister

... an unfortunate young orphan ...

Golitsyn

Emma?

Minister

Yes, prince.

Golitsyn

(aside)

So, that's what this is all about!

(to the minister)

Listen, minister,
oh, calm yourself, please.
I cannot intervene in a private affair
of the Khovansky.

Minister

(to himself)

My God!

Golitsyn

But, if you would like to ask,
within the bounds of the power granted to me,
for improvements and privileges
which you and your congregation
may be permitted ...

Minister

What an opportunity this is!

Golitsyn

... I will look favourably on your petition;
after all, you know where my sympathies lie.
Speak, minster.

Minister

(to Golitsyn)

I don't know what to say ...

I am afraid ...

Golitsyn

Speak!

Minister

(to himself)

He refused to take up Emma's cause;
perhaps the minister will have better luck.

Golitsyn

Well?

Pastor

Dlya soblyudeniya v serdtsakh
lyubimoy pastvi moyey
osnovi veri zhivoy,
ya umolyal bi, knyaz:
dozvolte tserkov vozvesti u nas,
v Nemetskoy slobodye,
yeshchyo odnu, tolko odnu,
ved k nam vi tak raspolozheni.

Golitsin

Ya predlozhit bi vam, pastor,
poskromneye mechtat.

Pastor

Knyaz, umolyayu, vislushayte ...

Golitsin

Rekhnulis, chto li vi
il smelosti nabralis?
Rossiyu khotite kirkami zastroit!
Da, kstati,
sevodnya ya zhdu k sebe na soveshchanye
Khovanskovo senior i,
chto vazhno, Dosifeya.
Vstrecha s nimi udobna li vam budet,
skazhite?

Pastor

Knyaz, ya ponyal, prostite.

Golitsin

Da? Proshchayte, herr pastor,
do svidanya, ne pravda l?

Do svidanya.
Nakhal, proydokha,
v ovechey shkure volk!

Opyat?

Varsonofiev

Svetleyshiy knyaz!

Golitsin

Nu kto tam yeshchyo, a?

Varsonofiev

Koldovka,
ta, chto namedni izvolili vi zvat,
prishla.

Golitsin

Svoya li golova na plechakh u tebya,
al chuzhaya?

Minister

To permit the foundations of the living faith
to remain firm in the hearts
of my beloved flock,
I would entreat you, prince,
to allow us to erect a church
in the German settlement,
one more, just one.
You are, after all, so well disposed towards us.

Golitsin

I would suggest, minister,
that you dream less ambitiously.

Minister

Prince, I beg you, hear me out ...

Golitsin

Have you taken leave of your senses
or have you simply overstepped the mark?
You want to fill Russia with churches!
Oh, and by the way,
today I am expecting Khovansky the elder,
who is coming here to deliberate.
Take heed: I am also expecting Dosifei.
Tell me, would it be convenient for you
to meet them?

Minister

I understand what you are saying, prince.

Golitsin

Indeed? Farewell, minister,
until we meet again.
(Exit the minister.)

Goodbye.
Impudent fellow, wily creature,
a real wolf in sheep's clothing!
(Enter Varsonofiev.)
Again?

Varsonofiev

Most noble prince!

Golitsin

Who is it now?

Varsonofiev

The fortune teller
that you were pleased to summon the other day
has come.

Golitsin

Whose head have you on your shoulders —
your own, or another's?

Varsonofyev

Prostitute, knyaz, obmolvilsya.
Ta zhenshchina, chto chasto k vam
prikhodit za sovetom ...

Golitsin

Nu, to-to zhe. Pozvat!

(Varsonofyev ukhodit; Marfa vkhodit tikho — «obichayem»)

Marfa

- 14 K vam, knyazhe,
rovno bi v zasadu popadayesh:
klevreti tak i rishchut.

Golitsin

Vremya potaynikh navetov;
vremya izmen i koristi;
(suyeverno)
gryadushcheye sokryto pokrovom tumannim:
trepushchesh za kazhdiy mig
naprasnoy zhizni.

Marfa

Ne pogadat li o sudbe tvoyey,
knyazhe?
Sprosit veleniy taynikh sil, vladik zemli,
knyazhe?

Golitsin

Na chyom?

Marfa

Veli prinest voditsi.

(Golitsin zvonit. Vkhodit Varsonofyev.)

Golitsin

Vodi ... ispit.

(Varsonofyev, u stolika, nalivayet vodi v serebryaniy kovsh i podayot knyazyu.)

Postav!

(Varsonofyev ukhodit. Marfa pokrivyetsya bolshim chyornim platkom i prigotovlyayetsya k gadaniyu.)

Marfa

Sili potayniye,
sili velikiye,
dushi, otbivshiye
v mir nevedomiy,
k vam vzivayu!
Dushi utopshiye,
dushi pogibshiye,
tayni poznavshiye

Varsonofiev

Your pardon, prince; it was a slip of the tongue.
I meant to say the woman who has been
coming so often to ask your advice.

Golitsyn

All right then; call her in.

(Varsonofiev leaves. Marfa enters quietly.)

Marfa

Coming to see you, prince,
is like walking into a trap.
Your servants are everywhere.

Golitsyn

These are times of secret deceptions,
times of treason and envious greed.
(with foreboding)
Our future lies veiled in mist;
we tremble every moment
of our useless lives.

Marfa

Shall I tell your fortune,
prince?
Shall I ask the Spirits of Earth
what they have in store for you, prince?

Golitsyn

How?

Marfa

Order them to bring some water.

(Golitsyn rings. Varsonofiev enters.)

Golitsyn

Give me some drinking water.

(At the table, Varsonofiev pours water into a silver bowl and hands it to the Prince.)

Put it down.

(Varsonofiev goes out. Marfa covers herself with a large black shawl and prepares to tell his fortune.)

Marfa

Mysterious forces,
great powers,
souls departed
to the unknown world,
to you I call!
Souls of the drowned,
lost souls,
who know the secrets

mira podvodnovo,
zdes li vi?

Strakhom tomimomu,
knyazyu-boyarinu
taynu sudbi yevo,
v mrake sokrituyu,
otkroyete l?

(Vsmatrivayetsya v vodu.)

Tikho i chisto v podnebesi.

Svetom volshebniim vsyo ozareno.

Sili potayniye zov moy uslishali.

Knyazhe, sudbi tvoyey tayna otkrivayetsya.

S kovarnoy usmeshkoyu sili zlobniye

vrug tebya, knyazhe,

plotno somknulisa:

liki, tebe znakomiye,

put ukazuyut kuda-to daleche ...

Vizhu, svetlo, pravda skazalas!

Golitsin

(trevozhno)

Chto skazalos?

Marfa

Knyazhe!

Tebe ugrozhayet opala

i zatochene v dalnem krayu;

otnimetsya vlast, i bogatstvo,

i znatnost navek ot tebya.

Ni slava v minuvshem, ni doblest,

ni znanye, nichto ne spasyot tebya:

sudba tak reshila!

Uznayesh velikuyu stradu-pechal

i lishenya, knyazhe moy;

v toy strade, goryuchikh slezakh

poznayesh vsyu pravdu zemli ...

Golitsin

Sgin!

(Golitsin zvonit. Vkhodit Varsonofyev. Marfa medlenno otstupayet, ozirayas.)

Skorey utopit na «bolote» ...

chtobi spletni ne vishlo!

(Marfa slishit posledniye slova Golitsina i skrivayetsya. Varsonofyev pospeshno ukhodit. Golitsin v porive otchayaniya.)

CD 2

Golitsin

- 1 Vot v chyom reshenye sudbi moyey;
vot otchevo tak serdtse szhimalos:
grozit mne pozornaya opala,
a tam pridyet besslavye i pogibel.

of the depths,
are you there?

To the noble prince,
worn with fears,
the secret of his fate
hidden in darkness
will you now reveal?

(gazing intently into the water)

All is quiet and clear in the heavens,
everything is flooded with magic light.

The mysterious powers have heard my call.

Prince, the secret of your fate reveals itself:

you are surrounded by faces

wreathed in crafty and malignant smiles;

they press tightly about you, prince —

faces known to you,

all pointing the way somewhere afar off ...

I see clearly; the truth stands revealed.

Golitsin

(alarmed)

What is revealed?

Marfa

Prince!

I see you menaced by the threat of disgrace

and exile to a distant land,

stripped of power, wealth

and fame forever.

Neither past glory nor valour

nor yet your great learning, nothing will avail

you ...

Fate has decreed it thus.

You will know great suffering, sadness,

and privation, prince,

and in this suffering and bitter tears

you will learn the meaning of all truth on earth.

Golitsin

Go away!

(As Marfa cautiously withdraws, Golitsin summons Varsonofiev.)

Have her drowned in the "Marsh" at once,

so that no tales get about.

(Overhearing his last words, Marfa rushes out with Varsonofiev in pursuit. Golitsin is in despair.)

CD 2

Golitsin

So that is to be my fate;

so that is why my heart was troubled!

I am threatened with shameful disgrace,

and after will follow dishonour and death.

Tak nedavno,
s veroy krepkoy v schastye.
ya dumal obnovit svyatoy otchiznī delo:
pokonchil s boyarskimi «mestami» ...
Snosheniya s Yevropoyu uprochil,
nadyozhniy mir rodnoy strane gotovil ...
Na menya smotreli yevropeysī,
kogda v glave polkov,
ispitannikh v boyakh,
nadmennost sbil ya
zayadlomu shlyakhetsvū;
il pod Andrusovim
vīrval iz pasti kruley zhadnikh
rodnīye zemli, i zemli te,
krovyu predkov obagryonniye,
prinyos ya v dar moyey svyatoy otchizne ...
Vsyo prakhom poshlo,
vsyo zabito! ...
O, svyataya Rus,
ne skoro rzhavchinu tatarskuyu
tī smoyesh!

(Vkhodit Ivan Khovansky.)

Ivan Khovansky

2 A mī bez dokladu, knyaz, vot kak!

Golitsin

Proshu prisest.

Ivan Khovansky

Prisest — spasi Bog! —
vot zadacha!

Mī teper mestov lishilis.
Tī zhe sam nas uladil, knyaz,
s kholopyem porovnyal.
Gde zh prisest prikazhesh?

Golitsin

Chto tī, knyaz!

Ivan Khovansky

Tut, ali in-gde,
podale, na poroge,
s chelyadyu tvoyeyu,
so smerdami? ...

Golitsin

Ne chudno l eto?
Tī, doblestyū i siloyu bogatiy,
tī, vlastelin streltsov nesokrushimich,
sokrushilsya o boyarskiye prichudi.

Ivan Khovansky

Slish, ne truni, Golitsin.

So short a time ago,
firmly believing in fortune,
I planned to renew my sacred fatherland,
deprived the Boyars of their power,
strengthened relations with the rest of Europe
and prepared a lasting peace for my country.
The eyes of all Europe were upon me when,
at the head of
a well trained army,
I smashed
the arrogant Poles,
or at Andrusovo,
snatched back the lands
soaked with the blood of our ancestors
from the maw of the covetous Poles
and bestowed them on my country as a gift.
Now all has turned to ash and dust;
all is forgotten! ...
O holy Russia,
you will not quickly wash away
the rust of the Tartars!

(Enter Prince Ivan Khovansky.)

Ivan Khovansky

I came in without waiting to be announced.

Golitsin

Be seated, I beg you.

Ivan Khovansky

Be seated? God save us!
How can I?

We've been deprived of our position.
Thanks to you, prince,
we've been reduced to the level of serfs.
May it please you, command where I should sit!

Golitsin

What do you mean, prince?

Ivan Khovansky

Here? Or where may I —
further off on the threshold
with your servants
and serfs?

Golitsin

I am amazed
that you, so famous and so mighty,
you, the commanding chief of the invincible
Streltsy
should distress yourself over the Boyars' lot!

Ivan Khovansky

Listen, do not mock me, Golitsyn!

Ti, kichas uspekhami svoimi,
nas, i nashu chest, i sanovitost
predal dyakam na posmeyanye.

Golitsin

Dyakam?

Ivan Khovansky

Nu, ladno zh, knyaz,
nateshilsya ti vdovol.

Golitsin

Nad kem bi eto?

Ivan Khovansky

U tatarvi ved tozhe vse ravni:
chut chto ne tak,
seychas bashku doloy.
Uzh ne s tatar li ti primer beryosh?

Golitsin

Chto? Chto s toboy,
s uma soshyol ...
opomnis, Khovansky!

Ivan Khovansky

Aga, zabralo!

Golitsin

Ti posmel Golitsinu podstavit
plemya proklyatoye ...
A vprochem, knyaz,
vi znayete, goryach ya,
ne v meru vspilchiv ...
Ved tak reshili v boyarskoy
nashey dume.

Ivan Khovansky

Gospod s toboy!
Ya ne reshal,
bez menya reshili.
No mesto moyo, boyarskoye,
ya naydu i soblyudu naperekor tebe.

Golitsin

Prostite nechayanniyy poriv moy,
knyaz Khovansky.
Ya vas,
dokole vam ugodno budet.

Ivan Khovansky

A pozvol-ko usomnitsya, knyaz.

Golitsin

Prosil bi dozvoleniya
dokonchit rech moyu.

Drunk with your successes,
you have betrayed our honour and dignity
to the scorn of clerics.

Golitsyn

Clerics?

Ivan Khovansky

All right then, prince;
you have had your fill of amusement.

Golitsyn

At whose expense?

Ivan Khovansky

The Tartars say all men are equal;
so if you don't happen to be exactly like
all the rest — off with your head at once!
Perhaps you are taking your cue from the Tartars?

Golitsyn

What on earth's the matter with you?
Have you taken leave of your senses?
Remember where you are, Khovansky!

Ivan Khovansky

Ha, ha! You're stung!

Golitsyn

You dare to compare me, Golitsyn,
with that cursed tribe ...
nevertheless, prince,
I am hot-headed, as you know,
quick to lose my temper ...
isn't that what was decided
at our Boyars' council meeting?

Ivan Khovansky

May God be with you!
I decided nothing:
the decision was made without me.
But I will take my rightful place as a Boyar
and keep it in defiance of you.

Golitsyn

Forgive my sudden outburst,
Prince Khovansky.
I am at your service
as long as it pleases you.

Ivan Khovansky

Permit me to doubt that, prince.

Golitsyn

Permit me to finish
what I was saying.

Ivan Khovansky

Nu, soizvol'yayem,
kuda ni shlo!

Golitsin

Bit' mozhet, ya boyar obidel
meroy krutoyu, no beizbezhnoy:
tolko stranno mne, chto ya,
pri etom, o vas sovsem zabil,
knyaz Khovansky,
khotya i znal ya, chto vam
zaviden bil boyarin tot, chto, pomnite,
pri tsare Aleksiye,
za «mesto» obidelsya gorazdo
i, za trapezoy zatskalsya pod stol,
goryuchimi slezami oblivayas
i khnich'a, toch-v-toch nakazanniy rebyonok.

Ivan Khovansky

Nu chto ti breshesh tam!

Golitsin

Tuda, pod stol,
tishayshiy tsar velel
boyarinu sovat
i myod, i yastva ...
I ti, knyaz Khovansky,
ti, vladika vsemoshchniy,
pred kem vsya Moskva
lezhal'a vo prakhe,
krovyu oblivayas,
ti nigde mesta ne nakhodish!

Ivan Khovansky

Dovolno, knyaz.

Ya vislushival tebya spokoyno,
ya ne prepyatstvoval tebe v zlorech'i;
vislushay i ti menya,
i ti mne ne prepyatstvuy.
(*Golitsin delayet nasmeshlivo-vezhliviy poklon.*
Vkhodit Dosifei i priostanavlivayetsya, ne
svodya glaz s Khovanskovo.)
Znayesh li ti, chya krov vo mne? ...
Gedimina krov vo mne,

vot chto, knyaz;
i potomu kichlivosti tvoyey
ne poterplyu ya.
Chem kichishsya?
Net, izvol, skazhi mne:
chem kichishsya ti?
Nebos ne slavnim ratnim li pokhodom,
kogda polkov tm'i tem,
bez boya, ti golodom smoril.

Ivan Khovansky

We would be pleased for you to do so,
come what may!

Golitsyn

Perhaps I have offended the Boyars
by my unavoidably harsh measures:
but strange as it may seem,
the thought of you never crossed my mind,
Prince Khovansky,
although I knew that you
envied that Boyar, who, you may remember,
during the reign of Alexei
was so offended by his "placement"
that during the meal he crept under the table,
weeping bitterly,
whining just like a punished child.

Ivan Khovansky

What nonsense!

Golitsyn

There, under the table,
the gentle tsar ordered
food and drink
to be brought to the Boyar ...
and you, Prince Khovansky,
you, omnipotent ruler,
before whom all Moscow
lay level with the dust
drenched in blood — you can't
find a place anywhere!

Ivan Khovansky

Enough, prince!

I have heard you out calmly,
and I did not interrupt your malevolent speech;
now you just listen to me
and don't you interrupt me!
(*Golitsyn bows mockingly. Dosifei enters and*
stands looking fixedly at Ivan Khovansky.)

Do you know what blood flows in my veins?
Gediminian* blood,
*A dynasty founded by Gediminas, grand duke
of Lithuania 1316–41
that's what, prince;
and that is why
I can't abide your arrogance.
Why are you so stiff-necked?
No, please do enlighten me:
what is it you're so proud of?
Could it be the "glorious" campaign,
in which whole companies perished by the
score from hunger,
without so much as firing a shot?

Golitsin*(zapalchivo)*

Chto? ...

Ne tebe sudit moi postupki!

Ivan Khovansky

Vot-te raz, kak bi ne tak!

Golitsin

Net,

ne tvoyevo uma eto delo,

slishish ti!

Ivan Khovansky*(gnevno)*

Chto takoye? ...

Dosifey*(stanovitsya mezhdru knyazyami)*

- 3 Knyazya, smiri vash gnev,
smiri gordinyu zlyuyu.

(Knyazya stoyat nepodvizhno, otvernuvshis drug ot druga.)

Ne v razdore vashem Rusi spasenye.

Pravo, lyubo na vas glyadet, knyazya!

Sobralis dlya sovetu:

tak bi o Rusi radet khotelos!

A chut prishlis, — nu,

rovno petukhi:

tsap, tsap!

Golitsin

Dosifey,

proshu v predelakh derzhatsya.

Ti zabil, chto u knyazey

obichay svoy, ne tvoy, lyubezniy.

Dosifey

Ya ne zabil,

ya napomnit tolko mog bi

moyo biloye, zabitoye,

navek pokhoronennoye.

Golitsin

Chto zabil ti?

Chto pokhoronil?

Dosifey

Moyu samim otverzhenuyu,

moyu knyazhuyu volyu, knyaz.

Golitsin*(pro sebya)*

Knyaz Mishetsky?

Golitsyn*(heatedly)*

What's that? ...

It's not for you to pass judgement on my actions!

Ivan Khovansky

Listen to him! And why not, pray?

Golitsyn

It's a matter

beyond your comprehension,

do you hear?

Ivan Khovansky*(furiously)*

What's that?

Dosifei*(stepping between the two princes)*

Princes, control your anger,

subdue your selfish pride.

(The two princes stand motionless, not looking at each other.)

Your quarrels will not save Russia.

Truly, what a spectacle you are, princes!

You meet to take counsel,

with the aim of considering and protecting

Russia!

Yes, no sooner do you come together,

than you start pecking away at each other

like two cocks!

Golitsyn

Dosifei, please!

Do not overstep the mark.

You have forgotten that the way of princes

is not your own, my friend.

Dosifei

I have not forgotten.

I would remind you of my past,

of what is forgotten

and done away with for ever.

Golitsyn

What have you forgotten?

What have you done away with?

Dosifei

I have turned my back on my princely station,

prince.

Golitsyn*(to himself)*

Prince Myshetsky?

Ivan Khovansky

Mishetsky?

Golitsin

Pravda ...

Khodili slukhi ...

Ya ... mne ne verilos chtobī teper
rossiyskiye knyazya ot predkov churalisya
i v ryasi oblekalis.

Ivan Khovansky

Pravilno!

Yesli tī rodilsya knyazem, knyazem dolzhen i
ostatsya.

Ryasa monakha dlya nas, knyazey, ne po merke
sshita.

Dosifey

Da broste, knyazya, mechtaniya pustiye.

Nu ikh!

Mi zdes sobralis dlya sovetu.

Nachnyom,

ne terpit vremya.

Golitsin

Proshu saditsya.

Ivan Khovansky

Yesli uzh sam Mishetsky otknyazhivshiy,
saditsya,

tak mne, Khovanskomu,

i Bog velel sidet.

Seli!

Dosifey

Mishetsky otsel daleche,

spokoynī budte.

Ya ne Mishetsky, ya bozhīy rab,

Dosifey smirenniy.

Golitsin

I slava Bogu!

Ivan Khovansky

Vestimo, slava Bogu!

Dosifey

Knyazya!

Poslal li Gospod vsemogushchiy
sovet i mudrost vam.

Ivan Khovansky

Myshetsky?

Golitsyn

It is true ...

Rumours were going around ...

I ... I did not believe it had come to this:
that Russian princes would spurn their
forebears
and assume the cassock.

Ivan Khovansky

Quite right!

He that is born a prince must remain a prince;
the monk's habit is not for us princes.

Dosifei

Cast away your vain dreams, princes.

Be done with them!

We have come together to take counsel.

Let us begin;

there is no time to lose.

*(He sits down.)***Golitsyn**

Please be seated.

Ivan Khovansky

If Myshetsky, who chooses not to be a prince,
sits down, then God has ordained that I,
Khovansky, should remain seated.

We are seated!

Dosifei

Myshetsky is far from here,

don't worry.

I am not Myshetsky, I am Dosifei,

lowly servant of the Lord.

Golitsyn

Praise be to God!

Ivan Khovansky

Yes indeed, praise be to God.

Dosifei

Princes!

Surely Almighty God has given you
wisdom and good counsel.

Golitsin

Prezhde vsevo khotel bi ya
pryamo k tseli besedi nashey pristupit.

Dosifey

Poznali I vi, knyazya,
gde svyatoy Rusi pogibel
i v chyom Rusi spasenye?
Chto zh primolkli?

Golitsin

Da nado silii znat.
Gde eti silii?

Dosifey

Nashi?
V serdtse bozhyem
i vere svyatoy.

Golitsin

Da eto-to tak, konechno.
Net, iniye silii!

Dosifey

Kakiye tut iniye silii,
kogda krestyanstvo domi pobrosali
i vroz n bredut.

Golitsin

Nu, znachit konchena beseda.

Dosifey

A ti chto mnish, Khovansky knyaz?

Ivan Khovansky

Ya?
Tolko ostavte mne streltsov moikh,
i, vidit Bog,
ya Moskvu sberyog
i so vseyu Rusyu spravlyus.

Golitsin

Tak. A pravleniye kakoye?

Ivan Khovansky

Kak kakoye?
Moyo, nadeyus.

Golitsin

A ti chto mnish ob etom?

Golitsyn

First of all I would like to come
straight to the point of the matter under
discussion.

Dosifei

Do you really not know, my lords,
what is destroying Holy Russia
and wherein lies her salvation?
Why are you silent?

Golitsyn

We ought to know our strength.
Wherein does it lie?

Dosifei

Our strength?
In God's love
and in our holy faith.

Golitsyn

Yes, of course;
but what other strength have we?

Dosifei

What other strength can we have,
when all God-fearing folk have abandoned their
homes
and are on the tramp!

Golitsyn

All right, that's the end of this conversation.

Dosifei

And you, Prince Khovansky, what do you think?

Ivan Khovansky

Me?
Just leave me my Streltsy
and, as God is my witness,
I will protect Moscow
and be able to hold my own
with the whole of Russia.

Golitsyn

I see. Who would be in charge?

Ivan Khovansky

What do you mean "Who ...?"
I would, I hope.

Golitsyn

(to Dosifei)

And what do you think about that?

Dosifey

O pravlenye?
Po starine mirskoy,
po starim knigam,
a dalshe sam narod podskazhet.

Golitsin

Nu, k starine neslishkom prilezhu,
priznatsya.

Ivan Khovansky

(Dosifeyu)
Vish, prítok! As?

Dosifey

(Golitsinu)
Nedarom zhe v nemechine
ty shkolu-to otvedal.
Nu chtó zh, vedi na nas Teuta
s opolcheniyem besovskim;
izvol, razvodi u nas prokhladí i tantsí,
dyavolu v ugodu.

Golitsin

Dosifey!
Izmenoy ne kori menya;
ya ot sebya ne otrekalsya, kak tí.
K otchizne lyubov moya, bíť mozhet,
vishe tvoikh podachek starine mirskoy.

Dosifey

Vo mne i v gneve moyom narodniy gnev i vopl,
tí dolzhen slíshat, knyaz!
Narod bezhit v lesa i debri
ot vashikh novshestv lukavíkh.

Ivan Khovansky

Pravda! Vot ya:
ya ved tozhe ponyal sut;
knyazyu-to kichlivomu vsyo govoril,
tak zhe vsyo govoril:
«Knyaz, ne rush tí stariní».
A on, glyadish,
mesta boyaram sokratil.

Dosifey

Smotrel bí luchshe za streltsami, knyaz.

Ivan Khovansky

A chtó streltsí?

Dosifei

(to Golitsyn)
You mean, what form of authority do I
advocate?
One that governs according to
the old traditions and beliefs:
the people will point the further road
themselves.

Golitsyn

I'm no great lover of the old ways,
I must confess.

Ivan Khovansky

(to Dosifei)
In too much of a hurry, hm?

Dosifei

(to Golitsyn)
No wonder, after your taste
of foreign schooling!
Well then, lead the Teutons against us
with their army of devils;
for all I care, you can dance and make merry
to please the devil.

Golitsyn

Dosifei!
Call me a traitor;
I, unlike you, did not betray myself.
My love for my country may be greater
than your lip service to the past.

Dosifei

In me and in my indignation you must see
the indignation of our people, prince.
The people take refuge in the wilds
from your wanton reforms.

Ivan Khovansky

That's right: that's what I think too.
I've kept on drumming it into
the haughty prince.
"Prince," I said,
"don't destroy the old traditions!"
None the less, as you see,
he has curtailed the Boyars' rights.

Dosifei

You'd better look after your Streltsy, prince.

Ivan Khovansky

What about the Streltsy?

Dosifey

Mamone sluzhat.
Beliyala chtut;
pokinuli i zhyon, i domi,
revut i rishchut, aki zveri.

Ivan Khovansky

Vona!
Ya I vinovat,
chto zelen vina upilis.
Ne bud vina,
sluzhili bi izryadno.

Dosifey

A ti chevo smotrel?
Ech, Tararuy, ti, Tararuy!

Golitsin

(zapalchivo)
Chto? ... chto eto? ...
V moyom domu
proshu obichay soblyudat!

Ivan Khovansky

Ne obzivat menya napraslinoy!

Golitsin

Gostey moikh prosil bi uvazhat,
pochtenniy!
*(Golitsin u stola, otvernuvshis; Dosifey i Golitsin
prislushivayutsya k peniyu za stsenoy)*

Chernoryasti

- 4 Pobedikhom, pobedikhom, posramikhom
prerekokhom, prerekokhom nechestivikh!

Ivan Khovansky

Ili, bit mozhet,
ya teper osmeyan za to,
chto pomoch vam chinil voyskom,
i sovetom, i kaznoy svozey nemaloy!

Dosifey

(torzhestvenno)
Prebudte nemī
i vnemlite doblim tem,
v put Gospoda gryadushchim!

Golitsin

(trevozhno)
Chto takoye?

Dosifey

Vi, boyare, tolko na slovakh gorazdi,

(ukazivaya na shestviye)
a vot kto delayet.

Dosifei

They serve Momus.
They respect Belial;
they left their wives and homes,
they're on the roam like wild beasts.

Ivan Khovansky

Well!
It's not my fault
that they drink too much wine.
Were it not for the wine,
they would serve impeccably.

Dosifei

And where were you all this time,
you babbling chatterbox?

Golitsyn

(exploding)
What? ... What's that?
In my house
I require decorum!

Ivan Khovansky

I will not be insulted without reason.

Golitsyn

Noble friend, I would ask you
to show respect for my guests!
*(Golitsyn turns away from them. Dosifei and
Golitsyn listen to the singing in the distance.)*

Old believers

We have conquered, shamed
and routed the evil heresy!

Ivan Khovansky

Probably
you are mocking me now
because I helped you with troops,
advice and my considerable treasury.

Dosifei

(solemnly)
Be silent
and show respect to those good people,
who walk in the ways of the Lord.

Golitsyn

(alarmed)
What's that?

Dosifei

You are only good at making speeches, my
lords,
(indicating the procession)
but there go the men of action.

(Chernoryastii, soprovozhdayemiiye tolpyu, torzhestvenno prokhodyat, s knigami na golovakh, za reshlyotkoyu sada.)

Glyante, glyante: se gryadut!

Chernoryasti

Posramikhom, prerekokhom,
i preprekhom yeres nechestiya
i zla stremnini vrazhiye.

Prerekokhom nikonyantsev i preprekhom!

Ivan Khovansky

(veselo)

Molodtsi, rebyata, likho!

Golitsin

(trevozhno)

Kto molodtsi?

Dosifey

(vostorzhenno)

Prerekokhom i preprekhom
nikonyantsev lzheucheniye,
nasadikhom vertograd gospoden,
soblyudokhom veru pravuyu,
vo slavu zizhditelya vseleeniya.

Chernoryasti

(za stsenoy)

Prerekokhom!

Preprekhom nechestivich nikonyantsev.

Golitsin

(gnevno)

Raskol!

Ivan Khovansky

(otvazhno)

Lyubo!

Nami da starinoy
paki Rus vozveselitsya!

Marfa

(vbegayet, yedva perevodya dikhaniye, govorit knyazyu Golitsinu, zapikhavshis)

5 Knyazhe, knyazhe!

Ne veli kaznit,
veli milovat!

Golitsin

(pod gnyotom suyevernovo strakha)

Oboroten! ...

Ivan Khovansky

(brosayas k Golitsinu)

Gospod s tobroy!

Chto ti, knyaz?

Eto Marfa.

(Outside the grounds, some Old Believers pass by in solemn procession singing and holding their books on their heads, followed by a crowd of people.)

Look, look, here they come!

Old believers

We have conquered, shamed
and routed the heresy,
that foul source of all evil.

We have shamed and routed the Niconians!

Ivan Khovansky

(joyfully)

Good for you, my lads!

Golitsyn

(alarmed)

Who are these people?

Dosifei

(in ecstasy)

We have shamed and defeated
the Niconian's false doctrine;
we have planted the vineyard of the Lord.
We observe the true faith,
to the glory of the Creator of the Universe.

Old believers

(in the distance)

Shame them!

We have defeated the evil Niconians.

Golitsyn

(angry)

Schismatics!

Ivan Khovansky

(audaciously)

That's splendid!

Through us and the old faith
Russia will rejoice.

Marfa

(running in, out of breath; to Prince Golitsyn)

Your Highness,
don't have me put to death,
have mercy!

Golitsyn

(overcome with fear)

Werewolf!

Ivan Khovansky

(rushing to Golitsyn)

God be with you!

What's the matter with you, prince?

It's Marfa!

Dosifey*(Marfe)*

Chto s toboyu, ditya vozlyublennoye?

Marfa*(uznav Dosifeya)*

Otche! Ti zdes?

Shla ya ot knyazya po zorke vecherney;

tolko, po zadvorkam, shast — Klevret!

Ya domeknulas: sledit za mnoy, vidno.

Bilo za Belgorod, blizko «Bolota».

Tut pri «Bolote» dushit menya pochal,
(Golitsinu)

baya: ti nakazal, knyazhe.

Ya ne poverila, ya zabranilas;

a on zlodey, zlobi vimestit dumal.

Dolgo borolis,

gibel grozila mne ...

Tut, uzh, ne pomnyu kak, sluchay prishyolsya,

tolko, chto sili, ya viervalas ...

Slava ti, Bozhe! ...

Petrovtsi podospeli ...

a na zadvorkakh i derzhut.

Golitsin, Ivan Khovansky, Dosifey

Petrovtsi!

Marfa

Da. Poteshniye progulkoy, chto li, shli.

Varsonofyev*(vbegayet oprometyu)*

Shaklovitiy!

(Ubegayet v naruzhniye dveri.)

Shaklovitiy*(vkhodit v bokoviye dveri)*

Knyazya!

Tsarevna velela vest vam dat:

v Izmaylovskom sele

donos pribit:

Khovanskiye na tsarstvo pokusilis.

Ivan Khovansky

Khovanskiye!

Dosifey*(Khovanskomu)*

Mechtanya bros!

(Shaklovitomu)

A chto skazal tsar Pyotr?

Shaklovitiy

Obozval «khovanshchinoy»

i velel siskat.

Dosifei*(to Marfa)*

What's happened, my dear child?

Marfa*(seeing Dosifei)*

You here, father?

I left the prince as twilight was falling.

In the courtyard I saw a servant! He was hiding!

I guessed he was spying on me.

It was not far from Belgorod near the "Marsh."

There by the "Marsh" he tried to strangle me:
(to Golitsyn)

he said you ordered it, prince!

I didn't believe it, I began to argue;

and he, the villain, was so evil.

We fought for a long time,

death hung over me ...

I don't recall

how I managed to break free.

Thanks be to God,

Tsar Peter's soldiers arrived just in time.

They're holding him now in the courtyard.

Golitsyn, Ivan Khovansky, Dosifei

Tsar Peter's soldiers?

Marfa

Yes, the Poteshni happened to be passing.

Varsonofiev*(rushing in)*

Shaklovity!

(He runs out the door.)

Shaklovity*(entering from the side)*

My lords,

the Tsarevna has ordered me to tell you

a proclamation has been made

in the town of Izmailov:

the Khovansky have made an attempt to

overthrow the Tsars.

Ivan Khovansky

The Khovansky?

Dosifei*(to Ivan Khovansky)*

Leave your idle scheming!

(to Shaklovity)

And what did Tsar Peter say?

Shaklovity

He said: "The 'Khovanshchina' are up to their tricks,"

(Petrovtsi za stsenoy)

TRETYE DEYSTVIYE

Zamoskvorechye. Streletskaaya sloboda, protiv Belgoroda, za kremlyovskoy storonoy reki Moskvi. Vdali krepkaya derevyannaya stena, slozhennaya iz gromadnikh brusyev. Za rekoym vidna chast Belgoroda. Vremya k poludnyu.

Chernoryasti

(prokhodyat po slobode v soprovozhdenii tolpi; za stenoy)

- 6 Posramikhom, prerekokhom,
i preprekhom yeres nechestiya
i zla stremnini vrazhiye!
(vikhodyat na stseny)
Prerekokhom nikonyantsev
i preprekhom!
Pobedikhom, posramikhom,
pobedikhom yeres!
(Iz tolpi videlyayetsya, nezametno, Marfa.)
Yeres nechestiya,
zla stremnini vrazhiye i preprekhom!
(Skrivayutsya za stenoyu.)
Pobedikhom ...
Nechestiya ...
Prezrekhom i preprekhom!

(Stsena postepenno pusteyet.)

Marfa

(sidya na zavalinke u doma, zanyatovo Khovanskim.)

- 7 Iskhodila mladshenka
vse luga i bolota,
vse luga i bolota,
a i vse senniye pokosi.

Istoptala, mladshenka,
iskolola ya nozhenki,
vsyo za milim riskayuchi,
da i likh yevo ne imayuchi.
Uzh kak podkralas, mladshenka,
ko tomu li ya k teremu,
uzh ya stuk pod okontse,
uzh ya bryak vo zvenyashche kolechko:
vspomni, pripomni, miloy moy,
okh, ne zabud, kak bozhilsya,
mnogo zh ya noчек promayalas,
vsyo tvoyey li bozhboy uslazhdayuchis.
Slovno svechi bozhiye,
mi s toboyu zateplimsya:
okrest bratya vo plameni,

and ordered an investigation.

(The regimental trumpets of Tsar Peter's troops are heard in the distance.)

ACT THREE

Zamoskvorechye, the Streltsy quarter opposite Belgorod and that side of the Kremlin on the River Moscow.

Across the river, part of Belgorod is visible. In the distance is a solid wooden wall. It is noon.

Old believers

(passing through the quarter singing; in the distance)

We have conquered, shamed
and routed the heresy;
that foul source of all evil.
(entering the scene)
We have routed
the Niconian's false doctrine!
We've routed
the evil heresy!
(Marfa quietly appears out of the crowd.)
We'll rout the heresy,
the source of all evil.
(They disappear slowly behind the wall.)
Conquer ...
the forces of evil ...
rout and conquer them!

(The scene gradually becomes empty.)

Marfa

(sitting outside Khovansky's house)

I walked all through the meadows,
I walked all over the marshes,
all over the marshes
and all through the hay fields.
(Susanna steals in and stands listening.)
My poor feet are
tired and blistered
searching for my dear
and never finding him.
So then, poor me, I crept up
to his house,
I tapped on the window pane,
rapped on the door: —
Remember me, my dear one,
do not forget the vows you swore;
many a long night have I languished,
my only solace your solemn oath.
Like candles of God
we shall burn,
our brethren in flames around us;

i v dīmu, ogne dushi nosyatsya.
Razlyubil tī mladeshenku,
zagubil tī na volyushke,
tak pochuyesh v nevole zloy
opostiluyu, zluyu raskolnitsu!

Susanna

(zlobno)

Grekh! Tyazhkiy, neiskupimiy grekh.
Ad! Ad vizhu palyashchiy,
besov likovanye,
adskiye zhyorla pīlayut
kipit smola krasnoplamenna.

Marfa

Mati, pomiluy, strakh tvoy poveday mne;
tyazhka nam zhizn otnīne stala
v sey yudoli placha i skorbey ...

(v storonu)

Kazhis, po-knizhnomu khvatila!

Susanna

(prislushivayas)

A, vot chto!

Ti-lukavaya, tī-obidlivaya,
a pro sebya poyosh tī pesni grekhovniye.

Marfa

Ti podslushala pesn moyu,
tī kak tat podkralas ko mne,
vorovskim obichayem
tī iz serdtsa iskhitila skorb moyu! ...
Mati lyubeznaya,
ya ne taila ot lyudey lyubov moyu,
i ot tebya ne utayu ya pravdu.

(Podkhodit k Susanne.)

Susanna

Gospodi!

Marfa

Strashno bilo, kak sheptal on mne,
a usta yevo goryachiye zhgli polimem.

Susanna

Chur ... chur menya!

Kosnim glagolom, rechyu besovskoyu
tī iskushayesh menya?

Marfa

Net, mati, net, tolko vislushay.

8 Yesli b tī togda ponyat mogla

I see our souls borne aloft midst smoke and
flame.

You have ceased to love me,
you have left me now you are free,
but in cruel captivity you will return to the one
you have just wearied of, to the wicked Old
Believer.

Susanna

(ferociously)

A terrible sin! A sin incapable of atonement!
I see hell burning
and the devils in triumph.
The windows of hell blaze,
the flaming pitch boils.

Marfa

Old woman, have mercy on me, tell me why
you are full of fear.

Our present life is hard
in this vale of tears and sorrow ...

(to herself)

I sound like a book!

Susanna

(listening)

This is why:

you are cunning and an evil-doer,
you sing sinful songs to yourself.

Marfa

You overheard my song.

You crept up to me like a thief
and stole the sorrowful secrets
of my heart!

Dear mother,

I did not conceal my love from the people
and I will not keep the truth from you!

(approaches Susanna)

Susanna

God!

Marfa

It was terrible, how he whispered to me,
and his eager lips warmed me like a flame.

Susanna

Deliver me from the Evil Eye!

With words of the devil
you seek to ensnare me!

Marfa

No, mother, no — only hear me out.

If you had ever known

zaznoby serdtsa isstradavshevo;
yesli b tī mogla zhelannoy bīt,
lyubvi k milomu otdatsya dushoy;
mnogo, mnogo bī grekhov prostilosya tebe,
mati boleznaya, mnogim bī sama prostila tī,
lyubvi kruchinu serdtsem ponimayuchi.

Susanna

Chto so mnoyu?
Gospodi, chto so mnoyu! ...
Akh, ya slaba na razum stala! ...
Al khitrīy bes mne shepchet zloye!

Marfa

Vspomni, pripomni, miloy moy,
okh, ne zabud, kak bozhilsya;
mnogo zh ya noчек promayalas,
vsyo tvoyey li bozhboy uslazhdayuchis.

Susanna

Bozhe, Bozhe moy!
Besa otzheni ot menya yarostnovo.
Skovala serdtse mne
zhazhda mesti neugomonnaya!

(Marfa)

Tī ... tī iskusila menya,
tī obolstil menya,
tī vselila v menya
adskoy zlobī dukh.
Na sud, na bratniy sud,
na grozniy tserkvi sud!
*(Dosifey vkhodit iz doma, zanyatogo
Khovanskim.)*

Pro charī zliye tvoi
ya na sude povem;
*(Marfa, uvidav Dosifeya, vstayot i sklonayetsya
pered nim.)*

ya tam vozdvignu tebe
kostyor pīlayushchiy!

Dosifey

(ostanavlivaya Susannu)

9 Pochto myateshisya?

Marfa

(podkhodit k Dosifeyu)

Otche blagiy!
Mati Susanna gnevom vospīlala
na rech na moyu, bez lesti i obmana ...

Dosifey

S chego bī eto, mati?
A pomnish tī, al uzhe zabīla,

the heart's sick passion,
if you had ever known what it is to be desired
and render up one's very soul to the beloved —
then many, many sins might be forgiven you,
mother, and you yourself would forgive others
their passion,
you would understand what affliction love can
bring.

Susanna

What's the matter with me?
O Lord, what's come over me?
Am I losing my senses,
or is the cunning fiend whispering evil in my
ear?

Marfa

Remember me, remember our love, my dear
one!

Oh, do not forget your vow;
full many a night I pined for you,
your vows my only solace.

Susanna

O Lord,
drive the fierce tempter away from me.
My heart is in the throes
of an unendurable thirst for vengeance!
(to Marfa)

You, you tempted me,
you beguiled me,
you have filled me
with a spirit of hellish fury.
Let our brethren sit
in holy judgement on you!
(Dosifei emerges from Khovansky's palace.)

I shall tell them
about your wicked spells;
*(Marfa, seeing Dosifei, rises and bows before
him.)*

I shall erect for you
a burning pyre.

Dosifei

(calming Susanna)

Why are you in such a fury?

Marfa

(approaching Dosifei)

Dear father,
mother Susanna was enraged
by my words without deceit or guile ...

Dosifei

Why so, mother?
Do you remember, or have you already forgotten

chto Marfa ot bed tebya velikikh spasla?
V zastenke dıboıy pıtali tebya
za zlobu tvoyu, za yarost tvoyu,
za blazh tvoyu.

Susanna

A chto mne v etom?
Ne proshchayu ya!
Ona iskusila menya,
ona obolstila menya,
ona vselila v menya adskoy zlobi dukh.
Na sud yeyo, na bratniy sud,
na grozniy tserkvi sud!

Dosifey

Stoy,
stoy, yarostnaya!
Ti pokusilas, v zlobe gordelivoy,
(s lyubovyu ukazivaya na Marfu)
Na serdtse bolyashcheye sestri tvoyey
tom'yashcheyasya.

Susanna

Net! Ne poddamasya ya!

Dosifey

Ti? ... Ti, Susanna?
Beliala i besov ugodnitsa,
yarostyu tvoyeyu ad sozhdalsya!
A za toboyu besov legioni
mchatsya, nesutsya,
skachut i plyashut!
*(Susanna prikrıvayetsya kapyushonom i
sderzhanno udalyayetsya, presleduyemaya
Dosifeyem.)*

Dshcher Beliala, izıdi!
Ischadye adovo, izıdi!
*(Sledit za Susannoy, poka ta ne skrılas;
vozvrashchayas.)*

Nu yeyo! Utekla, kazhis.
(Marfe)

Akh ti, moya kasatka,
poterpi malenko, i posluzhish krepko
vsey drevley i svyatoy Rusi,
yeyo zhe ishchem.

Marfa

Okh, noyet, noyet serdtse, otche,
vidno, chuyet gore lyutoye!
Prezrena, zabıta, broshena!

Dosifey

Knyaz Andreyem-to?

Marfa

Da.

that Marfa saved you from great misfortune?
In the prison, they were torturing you
on the rack for your malice,
your wicked rage, your evil ways.

Susanna

Why remind me of that?
I will not forgive!
She tempted me and beguiled me,
she has filled me
with a spirit of hellish fury.
Let our brethren sit
in holy judgement on her!

Dosifei

Stop!
That's enough, spiteful woman!
You have hurt
(affectionately indicating Marfa)
your sister's aching heart
with your selfish pride.

Susanna

No, I won't give in!

Dosifei

You? You, Susanna,
serving Belial and his fiends!
By your fury you have created an inferno
and legions of devils
rush after you,
leaping and dancing!
*(Susanna covers herself with her hood and
leaves slowly, pursued by Dosifei.)*

Get you gone, daughter of Belial!
Begotten of hell, begone!
*(He follows Susanna until she's gone, then
returns.)*

So much for her! She's gone now, I think.
(to Marfa)

O my darling child,
bear up a while longer and you will do
our ancient holy Russia great service.
Let us ever seek her.

Marfa

O father, my heart throbs with pain,
it foresees great grief.
I am despised, forgotten, abandoned!

Dosifei

By Prince Andrei?

Marfa

Yes.

Dosifey

Chinitsya?

Marfa

Zarezat dumal.

Dosifey

A ti chto s nim?

Marfa

(v misticheskom nastroyenii)

Slovno svechi bozhiye,
mi s nim skoro zateplimsya.
Okrest bratya vo plameni,
a v dimu i v ogne mi s nim nosimsya!

Dosifey

Goret! ... Strashnoye delo! ...
Ne vremya, ne vremya, golubka.

Marfa

Akh, otche!
Strashnaya pitka lyubov moya,
den i noch dushe pokoya net.
Mnitsya, Gospoda zavet ne bregu
i grekhovna, prestupna lyubov moya.
(na kolenyakh)
Yesli prestupna, otche, lyubov moya,
kazni skorey, kazni menya:
akh, ne shchadi: pust umryot plot moya,
da smertyu ploti dukh moy spaslyotsya!

Dosifey

Marfa, ditya moyo ti boleznoye!
Menya prosti! Iz greshnikh perviy az yesm!
V gospodney vole nevolya nasha.
Idyom otsele!
(Uvodit Marfu, na puti uteshaya yeyo.)

Terpi, golubushka;
lyubi, kak ti lyubila;
i vsya prodyonnaya preydyot.

(S protivupolozhnoy storoni vkhodit Shaklovitiy.)

Shaklovitiy

- 10 Spit streletskoye gnezdo.
Spi, russkiy lyud:
vorog ne dremlet.
Akh ti, v sudbine zloschastnaya,
rodnaya Rus,
kto zh, kto tebya, pechalnuyu,
ot bedi likhoy spaslyot?
Al nedrug zloy nalozhit ruku
na sudbu tvoyu?
Al nemchin zloradny

Dosifei

Is he putting on airs?

Marfa

He tried to kill me.

Dosifei

And what would you have of him?

Marfa

(mystically)

Like two candles of God
we shall soon burn,
our brethren in flames around us,
and I see our souls fly up in smoke and flame.

Dosifei

To burn is a terrible thing!
We haven't come to that yet, my dove.

Marfa

Oh, father,
my love is a terrible torment!
Day and night my spirit knows no rest.
I feel I have broken God's commandment
and that my love is wicked and sinful.
(falling to her knees)
If it is sinful, father,
kill me quickly.
Do not spare me, let my body die
and with its death save my soul.

Dosifei

Marfa, my poor unhappy child!
Forgive me too; I am first among sinners.
God's will be done!
Let us go away from here.
(He leads Marfa away, comforting her as they go.)
Bear it patiently, my dear;
go on loving as you have loved
and with time all your sufferings will pass.

(Shaklovity enters from the opposite direction.)

Shaklovity

The lair of the Streltsy is sunk in sleep.
Sleep, Russian people,
your enemies do not sleep.
Ah, how sad is your fate,
Russia, my dear homeland;
who will deliver you, unhappy country,
from your ills?
Or will a ruthless enemy
control your destiny?
Does the malevolent German

ot sudbi tvoyey pozhivi zhdoyt?
 Akh, rodnaya!
 A ni, ni, oy, net, ti, im,
 likhim ne poklonsya, vorogam tvoim!
 Vspomni, pomyani ti detey tvoikh,
 k tebe ved laskovikh i boleznikh!
(Zadumivayetsya.)
 Stonala ti pod yaremom tatarskim
 shla, brela za umom boyarskim;
 ti danyu tataram
 vrazhdu knyazey spokoila;
 ti «mestom» boyarskim
 boyar sluzhit ponudila!
 Propala dan tatarskaya,
 prestala vlast boyarskaya, —
 a ti, pechalnitsa, strazhdyosh i terpish!
 Gospodi!
 Ti, s visot bespredelnikh
 nash greshniy mir obyemlyushchiy,
 ti, vediy vsya taynaya serdets,
 bolyashchikh, izmuchennikh,
 nisposhli ti razuma svet
 blagodatniy na Rus!
 Daruy yey izbrannika, toy bi spas,
 voznyos zloschastnyu Rus, stradalitsu! ...
 Yey, Gospodi,
 vzemlyay grekh mira, uslishi mya:
 ne day Rusi pogibnut
 ot likhikh nayomnikov!

Streltsi

(za stsenuy)

11 Podnimaysya, molodtsi!

Al na podyom vi tyazheli,
 podnimaysya, molodtsi!
 Sobiraytesya, streltsi!
 Ali golovushka bolit,
 ali serdtse shchemit.

Shaklovityi

(prislushivayetsya)

Prosnulos stado!

(nasmeshlivo)

Pastva smirennaya

Khovanskikh velemudrikh!

Ne dolog srok:

pesnya skoro spoyotsya!

(Skrivayetsya v ulitsu.)

Streltsi

Opokhmelitsya to-to bi povadno!

Al za etim stalo delo!

(Vkhodyat na stsenu.)

Vali valom!

Akh, ne bilo, akh, ne bilo pechali,

tolko zla-prezla nastoyka khmelnaya.

Akh! Ne vine-to bit vinoy,

wait to profit by your plight?

Ah, my dear,

do not succumb

to your enemies.

Do not forget your children,

who love you and are sick.

(He becomes thoughtful.)

Long did you suffer under the Tartar yoke,

nor was it easy to live under the Boyars' rule;

you gave in to the Tartar's demands

to make peace between the princes;

to get the Boyars to serve you

you assured their place in the Duma.

You no longer pay tribute to the Tartar,

the Boyars' rule is over and done with,

yet still you suffer and patiently endure!

O God above,

who from Thy infinite realms

lookest down upon our sinful earth,

Thou who knowest the secret sorrow

of the weary heart,

send down the light

of Thy wisdom on Russia,

let Thy chosen one appear to save

unhappy Russia from misfortune!

O Lord,

forgive our sins and hear my prayer:

Let not Russia perish

at the hands of ruthless mercenaries!

Streltsy

(in the distance)

Get up, young fellows!

Or do you find getting up too hard for you?

Up with you, lads!

Make ready, Streltsy!

Have you got a headache,

or are you down-hearted?

Shaklovity

(listening)

The herd's awake!

(ironically)

The tame flock of our

so wise Khovansky!

Sing while you may,

your time is short!

(He disappears into the street.)

Streltsy

It'd be nice to have another little drink

to clear our heads from the last one!

(entering the scene)

And why not?

We shan't have a care in the world then.

But this liquor is pretty fierce!

Perhaps it's not the fault of the liquor,

a vina v vine zapoy.
Oy, oy, okhti zh li, oy-oy!
Svalil'sya akh, povalil'sya strelets;
ne budi yevo kreshcheniy lyud,
day otdokhnut streltsi.

[TENORI]

Goy, goy, pribodris,
goy, goy, podnimis
s tvoyevo-to lozha,
okhti zh, neprigozha,
ti, strelets.

A i rush, porush,
a i bey, razbey voley,
vlastyu bogatir'skoy.
Vsyakoy vred da zlospletnyu, vorovstvo,
chto ot vorogov tvoikh ponaplili-to!

[BASĬ]

Goy! Podnimalsya
ay, vobuzhdalsya strelets.
Slovo vstat priveles na grekh
solevoy nozhenki, ay!

Kak poshyol strelets,
kak poshyol, rodimiy,
a po vsey Moskve
to pogromom stalo!
Oy, akh, strelets, akh, molodets,
ne boysya, ti, ne trevozh'sya;
stoy na strazhe Rusi tseloy;
goy, strelets, goy, molodets!
Oy, oy!

Streletskiye Zhyoni

(vbegayut i nabrasivayutsya na muzhey)

12 Akh, okayanniye propoytsi,
akh, kolobrodniki otpetiye!
Net kazni vam,
net uderzhu!

Zhyon i semi zabili.

Detok malikh pokinuli
na razorenye, na pogibel!

Akh, okayanniye propoytsi,
akh, kolobrodniki otpetiye,
net kazni vam,
net uderzhu,
net vam gorya,
okayanniye propoytsi!

Streltsi

Budto bi babi oserchali,
sil'i nabralis, nam meshayut,
siloy khotyat meshat nam.
Bran podnyali,
opolchayutsya!

but the amount we drink.
Ho, ho, ho, alas! ho, ho!
Wallow, Strelyets, that's right, tumble down!
Don't wake him, Christians,
let the Strelyets have a nice rest!
[TENORS]
He ho, don't give in,
hey ho, get up
from the ground;
that's no way to go on,
Strelyets!

Let's break heads
or smash something,
let's show our mettle,
let's make an end of everything wicked and
bad —
gossip, theft — that's come to us from the
enemy!

[BASSES]

Hey ho! He's up,
he's roused,
as if he'd got out of bed
on the wrong side!

Here go the Streltsy,
and when the darlings
go around Moscow
they leave a wreck behind them.
Hey, Strelyets! Oh, good lad,
be fearless, be bold!
Guard the safety of all Russia.
Hey, Strelyets! Hey, my fine lad!
Hey ho!

Streltsy women

(running in and attacking their husbands)

You damned drunkards,
you roistering good-for-nothings!
There's no trouncing you,
no restraining you!
You've forgotten your wives and families,
you've abandoned your children,
you don't care if they croak!
Oh, you damned toppers,
you crazy good-for-nothings!
There's no trouncing you
nor controlling you,
you don't care a hang,
you cursed roistering good-for-nothings!

Streltsy

It looks as if our women are angry,
they've come here in force
and are hindering us.
They've scolded and reviled us;
they're preparing to assault us!

(otstranyayas ot zhyon)

Babī, slīshish, dovolno!

Oy, da akhti zh,
streletskiye-to babī,
vot-to opolchilis
voyevat s muzhyami!

Streletskiye Zhyoni

(svarlivo)

Gde, muzhya-to, gde takiye?
Bīli, bīli, da splīli!

Streltsi

Okh, trudnenko
babam-to spravlyatsya,
chto s muzhskoyu siloy,
a i muzhney voley.

Streletskiye Zhyoni

Gde zh bī tut muzhskaya sila,
ne v propoystve li ta volya!

Streltsi

Ay, au!
Nam ne bīlo ved gorya,
babī naleteli,
gorya zakhoteli.

Streletskiye Zhyoni

Gorkoye gore
terpim mī i tak uzh!

Streltsi

Kuzka!

Kuzka

As? ...

Streltsi

Kuzka!

Kuzka

Nu!

Streltsi

Ti povol nam,
pomoshch day, druzhishche!
Slīsh! Utesh nemilostivikh bab-to!

Kuzka

Chto vī, drugi!

Streltsi

Nu-kos!

(moving away from the women)

See here, women, that's enough!

Oh, you
Streltsy women,
you've turned against
your husbands.

Streltsy women

(shrewishly)

What husbands? Where?
We had husbands, but no longer.

Streltsy

Oh, it's difficult
for women to fight
with a man's strength
and a man's will-power.

Streltsy women

You have the strength of a man?
And your will-power is drowned in liquor.

Streltsy

Ah, oh!
We were living peacefully,
then the women swooped down
looking for trouble.

Streltsy women

Goodness knows, we've had enough
of all your nonsense!

Streltsy

Kuzka!

Kuzka

Well?

Streltsy

Kuzka!

Kuzka

Then ...

Streltsy

Please,
help us, my friend.
Listen, can you calm our enraged women?

Kuzka

What's the trouble, friends?

Streltsy

Come on!

Kuzka*(streletskim zhyonam)*

- 13 Okh, mne nevmogotu, okh, vot,
vot sovsem pripeshil;
strogi da gnevni, oy,
streletskiyе-to babi;
gnevni vovse, ne dozvolyat,
ne dozvolyat, vospretyat;
chto vospretyat-to babi,
a velyat sovsem molchat.
Vi, babi, gospozhi,
pozvolte, prikazhi. Au?

Streletskiyе Zhyoni

Au! Au! Au!

Streltsi

Likho, Kuzka!

Kuzka*(s balalaykoy)*

Zavodilas v zakoulkakh,
gde-to v tyomnikh pereulках,
zavodilas baba zlaya,
odinokaya, bolshaya.
Stala dumat da gadat:
kak bi lyudyam pomeshat,
kak bi milim naplesti,
bab s muzhyami razvesti.

Streltsi

Kak zhe babu tu nazvat?
Baba ta sama nazvalas,
Spletney zloyu otklikalas,
mnogo bed ona tvorit,
na nedobroye manit.
Oy, dolzhno bi, proklyata
zla-prezlaya baba ta,
chto sama pootklikalas,
Spletney zloyu ponazvalas.

Streletskiyе Zhyoni

Spletnya i v semye prokralas,
migom po semye promchalas.
Spletnya semi razorila.
a i detok-to sgrabila.
Boytes, boytes, molodtsi,
Spletni babi, zloy-prezloy,
chto grozit-to likh bedoy,
chto kaznit ves rod lyudskoy.

Streltsi

Spletnya po zastenyam shlyalas,
Spletne s palachom yakshalas,
vsekh donoschikov smanila,
zlatom, serebrom darila.

Kuzka*(to the Streltsy women)*

Oh, I'm fed up;
I'm completely exhausted.
Those stern Streltsy women
are extremely angry.
They're so angry that
they forbid everything;
they even forbid us
to say a single word.
You women are our masters —
order what you please.

Streltsy women

Hey ho!

Streltsy

Well done, Kuzka!

Kuzka*(accompanying himself on the balalaika)*

Once upon a time
in a dark alley,
there lived a big woman,
who was evil and lonely.
She began plotting
how to stir up trouble,
using gossip
to alienate husbands from wives.

Streltsy

What should we call that woman?
The woman herself
responded to "Evil Gossiper";
she causes much trouble
and tempts people to do nasty things.
We must curse
that most evil of women,
who dubbed herself
"Evil Gossiper."

Streltsy women

Gossip quickly stole
into the family life.
Gossip ruined families
and made children miserable.
Be fearful, lads,
of the gossip of the vilest of women;
it threatens us with grief,
and with destroying mankind.

Streltsy

Gossip wandered through the prisons,
it became the consort of executioners;
it attracted old informers,
luring them with silver and gold.

Ne gnushalas i podyachikh,
tekh, chto peryami skrîpyat,
da, glyadi podi, puskayut
zhizn lyudskuyu naprakat.

Kuzka

Spletnya stolko nachudila,
chto i um lyudskoy smutila,
lyudi shepchutsya i lgut,
pravdi' vovse ne berut;
tolko Spletne poklonis,
ot uma ti' otkazhis;
Spletnya vsyo vverkh dnom postavit
i proslavlennikh besslavit.

Streletskiye Zhyoni

Ay, au, au, au, ay!
Baba zlaya Spletnya ta.
Chem yeyo nam izvesti?

Streltsi

Kak bi' Spletnyu tu sprovadit,
bolshe b babi' ne kazalos,
ot neyo lyudey otvadit,
Spletnya zh imi bi' gnushalas.
Vi' reshayte, molodtsi',
posovetuyte, streltsi':
chem yeyo nam izvesti?

Kuzka

(vikhvativaya topor i sverkaya im)
Spletnits, spletnikov ...

na sud!

Streletskiye Zhyoni i Streltsi

Na sud!

(Podyachiy za stsenoy krichit v perepuge, kak bi' zovyot pomoshch.)

Podyachiy

(vkhodit zapikhavshis — yedva pletyotsya)

14 Beda, beda ... akh, zleyshaya! ...

Net silushki ...

okh, smertyushka! ...

Streltsi

Chto ti', duren, breshesh!

Vidno, lovko trepanuli!

Al ti' bredish? Dyavol!

Vot tak strusi!

Podelom tebe, proklyatiy!

Streletskiye Zhyoni

Vish, drozhit-to, yele d'shet!

Slovno v likhomanke!

It even enlisted the scribes,
who scratch along with their pens,
and give not a thought
to the value of human life.

Kuzka

Gossip has done so much damage
that one can no longer think straight;
people whisper and lie
and refuse to accept the truth.
The moment you give in to gossip
you lose your good sense;
gossip turns everything upside down
and topples the mighty.

Streltsy women

Ow! Ow!
The evil woman gossips —
how can we get rid of her?

Streltsy

How can we get rid of gossip,
and never see that woman again?
How to get people and gossip
to turn their backs on each other.
You lads decide,
advise us Streltsy:
how can we rid ourselves of it?

Kuzka

(brandishing an axe)

Gossips, man and woman alike,
on trial!

Streltsy women and men

On trial!

(The Scribe is heard shouting in fear, as if calling for help.)

Scribe

(rushing in, terrified and out of breath)

The most awful thing's happened!

I can't go on!

Death is upon us!

Streltsy

What are you raving about, fool?

Evidently he's had a good hiding!

What are you bawling about?

He's frightened out of his wits!

Serves him right, scoundrel!

Streltsy women

Why, he's shaking all over, he can hardly
breathe!

As if he'd got the fever!

Podyachiy

Oy, likhonko! ...
 Net, ne bili menya,
 net, ne trepali menya,
 i ni ust moikh,
 ni slukha ne oskvernyal!

Streltsi

Kakaya zh nelyogkaya sila
 shalnaya k nam,
 slish, tebya nevpopad podtolknula?

Podyachiy

Strakh poputal, smert zapugala!

Streltsi

Zabil al ne znal obichay nash streletskiy,
 vsyakiy, nezvaniy k nam,
 vorogom zovyotsya
 i zhiv otsele ne udyoty!

Podyachiy

Ottsi i bratya!
 Mne teper vsyo ravno,
 vidno, uzh smert prishla,
 tolko ne skroyu ot vas ya pravdi.
 Reyтары blizko;
 k vam mchatsya, vsyo rushat!

Streltsi

Reyтары! Reyтары?

Podyachiy

Slushayte!
 15 V Kitay-gorode bil ya na rabote
 po dolgu sluzhbi
 i chestnoy klyatve;
 strochil gramotu,
 dushu polagaya
 za ves mir bozhiy
 i za pravoslavnikh.
 Chu! ... Slishu:
 merniy dalniy topot
 i koney rzhanye, lyazg oruzhya,
 latniy stuk i dikiy krik ...

Streltsi

Vidno, tebya iskali!
 Vidno, tebya lovit khoteli!
 Strakha na nikh nagnal, podi!
 Slish, napugal ti ikh!
 S boya vzyat tebya,
 s boya vzyat khoteli.
 Chudno, pravo!

Scribe

Oh, it was terrible!
 No, I haven't been beaten,
 no one thrashed me.
 Neither my powers of speech
 nor my hearing has been injured.

Streltsy

Then what the deuce brought you here
 to us, do you hear,
 and at such an inopportune moment?

Scribe

I'm all confused with fear, I'm scared to death.

Streltsy

Have you forgotten, or didn't you know, about
 our law:
 guests who are uninvited
 we regard as enemies,
 and they don't leave this place alive.

Scribe

My fathers and brothers!
 Nothing matters to me now,
 since it's obvious I'm not long for this world,
 and I shan't hide the truth from you.
 The foreign legionaries are quite near,
 they are galloping here and destroying
 everything on the way.

Streltsy

The foreign legionaries?

Scribe

Listen!
 I was working in the Chinese quarter,
 fulfilling my duty according to
 the honourable oath that binds me,
 drawing up a letter,
 working with heart and soul
 for the whole world
 and all God-fearing people.
 Suddenly I heard
 the sound of horses' hooves in the distance,
 horses neighing, the clash of weapons
 and cuirasses and a wild yelling ...

Streltsy

Obviously they were on the look-out for you!
 Obviously they were after you!
 You must have scared them!
 Fancy that, you frightened them!
 They wanted
 to take you by storm!
 What a joke!

Podyachiy

Blizko uzh bilo Belgoroda,
u samoy slobodi streletskoy,
naleteli zlyie vorogi
na zhyon i detey vashikh,
i okruzhiili.

Streltsi

Vryosh! Vryosh, zlodey! Nepravda!

Streletskiye Zhyoni

Gospodi, Bozhe nash!

Podyachiy

Vdrug na podmogu reytarom,
otkuda vzyalis,
petrovtsi podospeli,
i svalka vchalas:
gore! Streltsi iznemogli! ...

Streletskiye Zhyoni i Streltsi

16 Gore nam! Gore!

Podyachiy

(pro sebya)
Teper nautyok
po dobru da po zdorovu. Fit!
(Ischezayet taykom.)

Kuzka

Streltsi! Sprosim batyu:
pravda l to al net,
chto nam chyort podyachiy
ponagorodil o reytarakh
da o petrovtsakh.
Tak li?

Streletskiye Zhyoni

Sprosim!

Streltsi

Sprosim!

Streletskiye Zhyoni i Streltsi

Batya, Batya, viydi k nam!
Detki prosyat.
Tebya zovut.
Batya, Batya, viydi k nam!

(Ivan Khovansky pokazivayetsya pod navesom terema.)

Ivan Khovansky

17 Zdorovo, detki,
na dobriy chas zdorovo!

Scribe

They were already near Belgorod,
quite close to the Streltsy quarter,
the cruel foe
attacked and surrounded
your women and children.

Streltsy

You lie, villain! It's not true!

Streltsy women

O Lord our God!

Scribe

Suddenly to the aid of the foreign troopers
Tsar Peter's soldiers
appeared out of the blue
and the fighting began in real earnest!
Oh, woe! The Streltsy succumbed!

Streltsy women and men

Woe to us! Oh, woe!

Scribe

(running off)
Now I'm off,
getting out while the going's good!
(He disappears.)

Kuzka

Streltsy, let's ask our chief
whether this mad scribe's tale
about the foreign troopers
and Tsar Peter's guards
is true,
shall we?

Streltsy women

Yes, let's!

Streltsy

Yes, let's!

Streltsy women and men

Chief-our-father, come out to us!
Your children
are calling you.
Chief-our-father, come out to us!

(Ivan Khovansky emerges from the house.)

Ivan Khovansky

How are you, my children?
Greetings and good luck to you!

Streletskiye Zhyoni i Streltsi

Na radost i slavu
zhivi i zdravstvuy, Batya!

Ivan Khovansky

Zachem menya vi zvali?
Al beda kakaya
s vami prikluchilas?

Streletskiye Zhyoni i Streltsi

Reytari da petrovtsi
gubyat nas!

Streltsi

Vedi nas v boy!

Ivan Khovansky

V boy?
Pomnite, detki, kak mi,
po shchikolku v krovi,
Moskvu ot vorogov likhikh oboronyali
i soblyuli;
ninche ne to:
strashen tsar Pyotr!
Idite v domi vashi,
spokoyno zhdite, sudbi reshenye! ...
Proshchayte!
(*Ukhodit.*)

Streletskiye Zhyoni i Streltsi

Gospodi, ne day vragam v obidu
i okhrani nas i domi nashi
miloserdiyem tvoim!

CD 3**CHETVYORTOYE DEYSTVIYE
Kartina Pervaya**

*Bogato obstavlennaya trapeznaya palata v
khoromakh knyazya Ivana Khovanskovo, v yevo
imenii. Knyaz Khovansky za obedennim stolom.
Krestyanki za rukodeliyem.*

Krestyanki

- 1 Vozle rechki na luzhochke
nocheval ya, molodets,
uslikhal ya golos devichiy,
so krovatushki vstaval,
so krovatushki vstaval,
umivatsya belo stal,
vstal, umilsya, sobralsya,
ko devushke podnyalsya,
ko devushke podnyalsya.

Streltsy women and men

Renown, long life
and happiness to you, our father!

Ivan Khovansky

Why did you call me?
Has anything happened
to harm you?

Streltsy women and men

The foreign legionaries and Tsar Peter's guards
are attacking us.

Streltsy

Lead us into battle!

Ivan Khovansky

To battle?
Do you remember, children,
how we saved Moscow,
fighting the foe
up to our ankles in blood?
But now things are different:
Tsar Peter is a man to be reckoned with!
Go to your homes quietly and await
the decision of fate.
Farewell!
(*He withdraws.*)

Streltsy women and men

Good Lord, keep the enemy from us
and in Thy great clemency protect us
and our homes.

CD 3**ACT FOUR
Scene 1**

*A richly furnished banqueting-hall in Prince Ivan
Khovansky's house.
Prince Khovansky is dining; peasant girls are
busy with handwork.*

Peasant girls

In the meadow near the river
as a young man I spent the night.
I heard a young girl's voice,
and rose from my bed of grass.
I rose from my bed of grass,
went down to the river to wash myself.
I washed myself and spruced myself up,
and went to meet the young girl.
I went to meet the young girl.

Ivan Khovansky

S chego zagolosili,
spasi Bog,
slovno mertvetsa v zhilishche
vechnoye provodyat.
I tak uzh na Rusi velikoy
ne veselo ne radostno zhiviyotsya;
a tut, babiy voy slishat: zabavno.
I vopl, i skrezhet: chudesno,
spasi Bog.
Vesyoluyu, da poboycheye,
pesnyu mne. Vi slishite?

Krestyanki

(delayut poklon knyazyu Ivanu Khovanskomu)
Kak povolish, boyarin knyazhe.

Ivan Khovansky

Chevo povolit?

Krestyanki

(klanyayutsya glubzhe)
Kak izvolish, boyarin knyazhe.

Ivan Khovansky

Chevo vam tam izvolit?

Krestyanki

(mezhdu soboy)
Gayduchka?

Ivan Khovansky

Chto vi shepchetes!
Poyte!

Krestyanki

(priplyasivayut)

- 2 Pozдно vecherom sidela,
vsyo luchinushka gorela.
Gayduk, gayduchok,
vsyo luchinushka gorela.
(Knyaz Ivan Khovansky byot v ladoshi v ritm pesenki.)
Vsyo luchinushka gorela
i ogarochki prizhgla.

Ivan Khovansky

Boychey! Vot tak.

Krestyanki

Gayduk, gayduchok,
i ogarochki prizhgla.

Vse ogarochki prizhgla ya,
druzhka milovo zhdala.
Gayduk, gayduchok,
druzhka milovo zhdala.

Ivan Khovansky

What a dirge!
God save us!
It sounds as if they were following
a corpse to the grave!
Life in our great Russia nowadays
isn't much fun anyhow,
and here, if you please, I have to put up
with the howling of women! How nice!
God save us!
I want something lively, —
merry and bright, do you hear!

Peasant girls

(bowing to Ivan Khovansky)
Whatever you command, my lord!

Ivan Khovansky

What should I command?

Peasant girls

(bowing lower)
Say what you would like, my lord.

Ivan Khovansky

Anything will do!

Peasant girls

(among themselves)
Let's sing "Haiduk the Footman!"

Ivan Khovansky

What are you whispering there?
Go on, sing!

Peasant girls

(dancing)
Late at night I sat alone
and the candle was burning.
Haiduk, Haiduchok,
and the candle was burning.
(Prince Ivan Khovansky claps in time to the music.)
And the candle was burning,
and it burned right out.

Ivan Khovansky

Quicker! That's right!

Peasant girls

Haiduk, Haiduchok,
and it burned right out.
And I kept on burning candles right out,
for I was waiting for my sweetheart,
Haiduk, Haiduchok,
waiting for my sweetheart.

(Vkhodit klevret knyazya Golitsina.)

Ivan Khovansky

Ti zachem?
Osmelilsya voyti?

Klevret

Knyaz Golitsin velel tebe skazat:
poberegis, knyazhe!

Ivan Khovansky

Poberegis? ...

Klevret

Tebe grozit beda neminuchaya.

Ivan Khovansky

Beda? ...
Da ne s uma I ti spyatil? ...
(pro sebya)
V moyom domu i v votchine moyey ...
mne grozit beda ... neminuchaya?
Vot zabavno, vot-to smeshno! ...
Pugat izvolyat knyazya! ...
Litva prosnulas! ...
Vstavay, Khovansky! ...
Prosnis i ti.
(slugam)
Ey, konyukham yevo!
Puskay pochestvuyut izryadno!

Myodu mne!
(krestyankam)
A vi, tam, na zhenskoy polovine,
persidok mne pozvat!

3 *(Igrī i plyaski persidok. Vkhodit Shaklovitiy.)*

Ivan Khovansky

4 Ti zachem?

Shaklovitiy

K tebe, knyaz.

Ivan Khovansky

Zhayu, chto ko mne.
Zachem?

Shaklovitiy

I bez obichaya.

Ivan Khovansky

I ti posmel!

(A confidant of Golitsyn comes in.)

Ivan Khovansky

What do you want?
How dare you enter!

Confidant

Prince Golitsyn ordered me to tell you
to take care, my lord.

Ivan Khovansky

Take care? ...

Confidant

A great danger threatens you.

Ivan Khovansky

Danger?
Have you taken leave of your senses?
(aside)
Here in my house on my own estate
a great danger ... threatens me?
What a joke! How absurd!
He wants to frighten me! ...
"Lithuania is up in arms,
arise, Khovansky,
up with you too!"
(to the servants)
Hey, away with him to the grooms;
they'll honour him with a good thrashing!
(They drag him off.)
Bring me some mead!
(to the peasant girls)
And you there, in the women's quarters,
call my Persian slaves!

(Persian slave girls enter and dance. Shaklovity enters.)

Ivan Khovansky

What do you want?

Shaklovity

I've come to see you, prince.

Ivan Khovansky

I can see that.
What for?

Shaklovity

And without ceremony.

Ivan Khovansky

You dared?

Shaklovitiy

Knyaz!

Ivan Khovansky

Nu!

Shaklovitiy

Tsarevna, v skorbi velikoy
za Rus i za narod moskovskiy,
zovyot k sebe,
i nina zhe sovet velikiy.

Ivan Khovansky

Vot kak! Da nam-to chto?
Puskay sebe zovyot.

Shaklovitiy

Knyaz!

Ivan Khovansky

Mi, kazhis, nemalo
delom, i sovetom, i vsyacheski
tsarevne ugozhdali;
teper, nebos,
drugiyey sovetniki posluzhat.

Shaklovitiy

Tebya pervim izvolila
nazvat, knyaz;
mol, bez tvoikh uslug
sovet ne mozhet oboytitsya.

Ivan Khovansky

Vot eto tak.
Teper mi k ney okhotno budem
I vnov Rusi velikoy
uslugu nashim razumom okazhem,
(*Vstayot.*)
spasi Bog.
(*slugam*)
Ey! Luchshiye odezhdi mne,
knyazhoy moy, posokh!
(*krestyankam*)
A vi velichayte!

Krestyanki

Pliviyot, pliviyot lebedushka,
ladu, ladu.
Pliviyot navstrechu lebedyu,
ladu, ladu.
Sustrel, sustrel lebedushku,
ladu, ladu.
Sustrel tot lebed beliy,
ladu, ladu.
(*Klanyayutsya Khovanskomu.*)
Poshyol khodit s lebedushkoy,

Shaklovity

Prince!

Ivan Khovansky

Well?

Shaklovity

The Tsarevna, in grave distress
for Russia and the people of Moscow,
is convening the High Council at once
and asks you to attend.

Ivan Khovansky

So that's it! What do we care!
Let her call!

Shaklovity

Prince!

Ivan Khovansky

It seems to me we've served
the Tsarevna well with deeds,
good counsel and one thing and another;
there must be others now
who'll run to do her bidding.

Shaklovity

You were the first
she deigned to summon, prince;
she said without your services
the Council couldn't take place.

Ivan Khovansky

That's as it should be!
Now we shall attend her willingly,
and once more our wisdom
will be at great Russia's service.
(*He stands up.*)
God save us!
(*to the servants*)
Hey, bring my best robes of state
and my staff of office!
(*to the peasant girls*)
And you, girls, sing a song in our praise.

Peasant girls

A swan is swimming,
ladu, ladu.
She's swimming to meet her mate,
ladu, ladu.
He has seen his lady coming,
ladu, ladu.
And hurried to meet her,
ladu, ladu.
(*bowing before Ivan Khovansky*)
And now they swim together,

ladu, ladu.
 S podruzhenkoy pomolvilsya,
 ladu, ladu.
(Vedut Khovanskovo pod ruki.)
 I peli slavu lebedyu,
 ladu, ladu.
 I peli slavu belomu,
 ladu, la ...

(Knyazya Iv. Khovanskovo vnezapno ubivayut v dveryakh; on padayet myortvim so strashnim krikom. Krestyanki razbegayutsya s vizgom.)

Shaklovitiy

(podkhodit k trupu Khovanskovo)
 Belomu lebedyu slava,
 ladu, ladu.
(Khokhochet.)

Kartina Vtoraya

Moskva. Ploshchad pered tserkovyu Vasiliya Blazhennovo. Prishliiy lyud moskovskiy tolpitsya na stsene, rassmatrivaya naruzhniy vid tserkvi. Vkhodit partiya reytar, vooruzhyonnikh mechami i kopyami. Reyтари stanovyatsya shpaleroyu, spinoyu k tserkvi. Prishliiy lyud pospeshno gruppiruyetsya v protivupolozhnuyu storonu ot reytar. Pokazivayutsya reyтари na konyakh; za nimi kolimaga, soprovozhdayemaya takzhe reyтарami.

Prishliiy Lyud

- 5 Glyanko-ko! Vezut, vezut kak yest!
 Vezut v zapravdu!
(S lyubopitstvom vsmatrivayutsya v poyezd, kotoriy medlenno udalayetsya. Reyтари, stoyavshkiye shpaleroyu, sledut za poyezdom.)
 Prosti tebe Gospod!
 Pomogi tebe Gospod v tvoyey nevole!
(Prishliiy lyud medlenno sleduyet, s otkritimi golovami, za udalayayushchimsya poyezdom. Vkhodit Dosifey.)

Dosifey

- (vsled udalayayushchemusya poyezdu)*
 6 Svershilosya resheniye sudbi,
 neumolimoy i groznoy,
 kak sam strashniy sudiya!
 Knyaz Golitsin, vlastelin vsevlastniy,
 knyaz Golitsin, gordost Rusi tseloy,
 opalno vislan vdal;
 a zdes ot poyezda pechalnovo yevo odni lish kolei ostalis.
 A vidno, mudrim bil nachalnik
 Streletskovo prikaza!
 Iz-za kichlivosti svoey

ladu, ladu.
 They are betrothed,
 ladu, ladu.
(leading Khovansky by the arms)
 Let his glory sound in song,
 ladu, ladu.
 Glory to the White Swan,
 ladu, la ...

(Suddenly, as he reaches the threshold, Prince Ivan Khovansky is stabbed. He falls dead. The girls, terrified, scatter in all directions.)

Shaklovity

(standing over Khovansky's body)
 Glory to the White Swan,
 ladu, ladu.
(He laughs.)

Scene 2

Moscow. The Square before the Church of St. Basil.
A crowd of people is examining the outside of the church. Some soldiers, armed with sabres and lances, enter and line the way before the church. Muscovites crowd in front of them. Horsemen appear. Behind them is a dilapidated carriage [carrying Golitsyn into exile] followed by more soldiers.

Muscovites

Look, they're taking him away!
 Yes, it's true; there he goes!
(The people look with curiosity at the procession, which slowly disappears, followed by the soldiers.)
 May God forgive you!
 May God help you in your exile!
(The people trail after with respectfully bared heads. Dosifei enters.)

Dosifei

(looking after the disappearing procession)
 Fate's decree has been fulfilled;
 inevitable and terrible
 as the judgement of God itself!
 Prince Golitsyn, the all-powerful ruler,
 Prince Golitsyn, the pride of all Russia,
 has been disgraced and sent into far-off exile,
 while all that remains here of the sad cortège
 is the rut of his carriage wheels!
 And so wise was the
 chief of the Streletsy,
 that arrogant pride caused his downfall

sebya i blizhnikh pogubil.
(Vkhodit Marfa.)
 I knyazhichu, podi,
 ne sdobrovat:
 tsarem, vish, yevo
 na Moskve prednaznachali ...

Marfa

Otche!

Dosifey

A?
 Chto zh, proznala ti, golubka,
 chem reshil Sovet velikiy protiv nas
 v popryok drevley Rusi,
 yevo zhe ishchem?

Marfa

Ne skroyu, otche,
 gore grozit nam!
 Veleno reyaram okruzhit nas
 v svyatom skitu
 i bez poshchadi,
 bez sozhalenya gubit nas.

Dosifey

Vot chto.

Marfa

Da!

Dosifey

Tak vot chto?
 Teper prispelo vremya v ogne
 i plameni priyat venets slavi vechniya!
 Marfa! Vozmi Andreyu knyazyu,
 ne to oslabnet
 i ne podvignetsya.

Marfa

Vozmu.

Dosifey

Terpi, golubushka,
 lyubi, kak ti lyubila,
 i slavi ventsom pokroyetsya imya tvoyo.
 Prosti!
(Ukhodit.)

Marfa

(vostorzhenno)
 Teper prispelo vremya
 priyat ot Gospoda
 v ogne i plameni venets slavi vechniya!

and the ruin of his familiars.
(Marfa enters.)
 It looks, too, as if the young prince
 will come to no good:
 they wanted to set him
 on the throne in Moscow ...

Marfa

Reverend father!

Dosifei

What?
 Well, my dear, have you learned
 what decision the High Council
 has reached regarding us Old Believers,
 who have sought to preserve ancient Russia?

Marfa

Father, I will not conceal from you
 the ill that threatens us!
 Mounted troopers have been ordered
 to surround us
 in our sacred hermitage
 and destroy us without mercy.

Dosifei

I see.

Marfa

Yes!

Dosifei

So this is how things now stand!
 The time has come to win
 a martyr's crown in the flames.
 Take Prince Andrei with you, Marfa,
 or his strength may fail him
 and his soul will not be saved.

Marfa

I will.

Dosifei

Endure, my dear child;
 love him as you always have,
 and your name will be crowned with glory.
 Farewell!
(He goes off.)

Marfa

(bordering on ecstasy)
 The time has now come
 to win from God
 a crown of eternal glory in the flames!

Andrey Khovansky*(vkhodit pospeshno, v silnom volnenii)*

- 7 A, ti zdes, zlodeyka!
(s gnevom szhimaya ruku Marfi)
 Zdes, zmeya!
 Gde moya Emma,
 kuda yeyo ti skrila?
 Otday mne Emmu,
 otday moyu golubku!
 Gde ona?
 Otday yeyo, otday!

Marfa

Emmu reyтары uvezli daleche;
 Gospod pomozhet —
 skoro ona zhenikha svoyevo,
 chto iz Moskvı ti izgnal
 na rodine obnimet.

Andrey Khovansky

Zhenikha!
 Lzhyosh, zmeya! Ne poveryu!
 Ya soberu moikh streltsov,
 ya sozovu narod moskovskiy —
 tebya, izmennitsu, skaznyat!

Marfa

Skaznyat? ...
 Vidno, ti ne chuyal, knyazhe,
 chto sudba tvoya tebe skazhet,
 chto velit ona i chto tebe ukazhet,
 bez korısti, bezo lzhi,
 bez lesti, knyazhe,
 i obmana ...

Andrey Khovansky

Emmu otday ti mne!

Marfa

Gordiy batya tvoy ubit,
 kaznyon izmenoy,
 i greshniy trup yevo
 lezhit nepogrebyonniy;
 tolko veter volniy
 po-nad nim gulyayet,
 tolko zver dosuzhiy
 okrest bati khodit,
 da tolko tebya vdol
 po vsey Moskve ishchut.

Andrey Khovansky

Ya ne veryu tebe,
 ya proklinayu tebya!

Ti siloy dukhov tmı
 i charami uzhasnimi svoimi
 menya privorozhila,

Andrei Khovansky*(entering in a state of great agitation)*

So you're here, wicked woman!
(angrily grabs Marfa's hand)
 Serpent!
 Where is my Emma?
 Where have you hidden her?
 Give Emma back to me,
 give me back my dove!
 Where is she?
 Give her back to me!

Marfa

The soldiers have taken Emma far away.
 With God's help,
 she will soon be in her native land,
 safe in the arms of her betrothed,
 whom you banished from Moscow.

Andrei Khovansky

Her betrothed?
 You lie, snake! I won't believe it!
 I'll summon my Streltsy,
 I'll raise the people of Moscow,
 and you'll be put to death, traitress!

Marfa

You'll have me put to death?
 Evidently, prince, you don't realise
 what Fate has in store for you:
 she commands the path
 you are to take, my prince,
 without greed, lies,
 flattery or deceit!

Andrei Khovansky

Give me back my Emma!

Marfa

Your proud father has come by his death
 through treachery,
 and his sinful body
 lies unburied;
 only the wild wind
 blows over it
 and the wild beasts
 prowl round it.
 And they're searching
 all over Moscow for you.

Andrei Khovansky

I don't believe you.
 May you be accursed!
[Marfa laughs.]
 With the aid of the spirit of darkness
 and your dreadful spells
 you bewitched me;

serdtse moyo
i zhizn mne razbila!
Koldovkoy ya obzovu tebya,
a streltsi
chernoknizhnitsey dobavyat;
na kostre
sgorish ti vsenarodno.

Marfa

Zovi streltsov!

Andrey Khovansky

Pozvat?

Marfa

Zovi!

*(Andrey Khovansky trubit v rog. Za stsenoy
Bolshoy kolokol.)*

Andrey Khovansky

Chto eto?

Marfa

Trubi yeshchyo!
*(On trubit v rog. Pod protyazhniye udari
bolshovo sobornovo kolokola vkhodyat streltsi s
plakhami i sekirami; za nimi sleduyut strelchikhi.
Bolshoy kolokol za stsenoy.)*

Andrey Khovansky

- 8 Gospodi, Bozhe moy!
Vsyo pogiblo.
Marfa, molyu tebya!

Marfa

Chto zh ne zovyosh streltsov?

Andrey Khovansky

Spasi menya!

Marfa

Nu ladno, knyazhe,
ya tebya ukroyu
v meste nadyozhnom.
Idyom so mnoy.
(Pospeshno uvodit Khovanskovo.)
Spokoyen bud, smeley idi!

*(Streltsi ustanavlivayut plakhi i kladut na nikh
sekiri, ostriyom naruzhu.)*

Strelchikhi

Ne day poshchadi,
kazni okayannikh
bogootstupnikov,

you have broken my heart
and ruined my life!
I'll denounce you as a witch,
and the Streltsy
will accuse you of black magic;
and you will burn at the stake
before the eyes of all the people!

Marfa

Call the Streltsy!

Andrei Khovansky

Shall I?

Marfa

Call!

(Andrei sounds his horn: a bell begins to toll.)

Andrei Khovansky

What's that?

Marfa

Summon them again!
*(He sounds his horn again. As the great bell of
the Cathedral continues tolling, the Streltsy,
followed by their womenfolk, enter carrying
execution blocks and halberds.)*

Andrei Khovansky

O Lord, my God!
All is lost!
Marfa, I beg you!

Marfa

Why don't you call the Streltsy?

Andrei Khovansky

Save me!

Marfa

Well, all right then, prince,
I'll hide you
in a safe place.
Come with me!
(hurriedly leading Khovansky away)
Be calm, be brave — come.

*(The Streltsy installing execution blocks and lay
their halberds on them with the blades pointing
up.)*

Streltsy women

Show them no mercy,
let them be executed,
cursed atheists,

zlikh vorogov!
(*Streltsi opuskayutsya pered plakhami na koleni.*)

Streltsi

Gospodi Bozhe,
poshchadi nas,
ne vzišchi po grekham nashim!

(*Strelchikhi stanovyatsya za streltsami. Za stsenoy trubi «poteshnikh».*)

Strelchikhi

Ne day poshchadi,
kazni okayannikh,
tsar-batyushka!

(*Za stsenoy medny khor «poteshnikh».*)

Streltsi

Otche vsemogushchiy,
pomiluy, dushi greshniye nashi!
Smiluytsya, tsar-batyushka!

Strelchikhi

Kazni ikh, okayannikh,
tsar-batyushka,
bez poshchadi!

(*Trubi za stsenoy. Na stsenu vkhodyat trubachi; za nimi molodoy Streshnev v kachestve gerolda. Vstupayut preobrazhentsi roti «poteshnikh». Streltsi naklonyayut golovi nad plakhami.*)

Molodoy Streshnev

(*streltsam*)

9 Streltsi!

Tsari i gosudari Ivan i Pyotr
vam milost shlyut:
idite v domi vashi
i Gospoda molite
za ikh gosudarskoye zdorovye.
(*trubacham*)
Igrayte, trubi!
(*Trubi na stsene. Streltsi molcha vstayut.*)

Tsar Pyotr peshye shestviye
v moskovskiy Kreml chinit izvolit.

(*Preobrazhentsi idut k Kremlyu.*)

PYATOYE DEYSTVIYE

Sosnoviy bor. Skit. Lunnaya noch.

Dosifey

(*vkhodit zadumchiviy*)

wicked enemies!
(*The Streltsy kneel down before the blocks.*)

Streltsy

O Lord God,
have mercy upon us,
forgive us our sins!

(*The women stand behind the Streltsy. The sound of the Poteshni bugles is heard.*)

Streltsy women

Show no mercy,
let the wicked atheists perish,
our Father-tsar!

(*The Poteshni brass is heard in the distance.*)

Streltsy

Almighty Father,
have mercy upon our sinful souls!
Have mercy on us, Father-tsar!

Streltsy women

Let these accursed men be executed,
our Father-tsar,
punish them without mercy!

(*Trumpets in the distance. Trumpeters enter, with the young herald Streshnev behind them. Preobrazhensky enter. The Streltsy place their heads on the execution blocks.*)

Streshnev

(*to the Streltsy*)

Streltsy!
The Tsars Ivan and Peter
have pardoned you!
Go to your homes
and pray to God
for their Imperial welfare.
(*to the trumpeters*)
Let the trumpets sound!
(*The trumpeters enter the scene. The Streltsy stand in silence.*)

Tsar Peter is pleased to go on foot
to the Moscow Kremlin.

(*The Preobrazhensky Guards start to move off in the direction of the Kremlin.*)

ACT FIVE

The Hermitage of the Old Believers, situated in a pine wood near Moscow. It is a moonlit night.

Dosifei

(*enters, lost in thought*)

10 Zdes, na etom meste svyate,
 zalog spasenya miru vozveshchu.
(Tikho opuskayetsya na kamen.)
 Skolko skorbi, skolko terzaniy
 dukh somnena v menya vselyal;
 strakh za bratiyu;
 za uchast greshnikh duch
 denno i noshchno menya smushchal,
 i ne drognulo serdtse moyo,
 da svershitsya volya nebesnovo ottsa!
 Vremya prispelo,
 i skorb moya vas, milikh,
 ventsom slavi osenila;
 zhizni zemnoy i prekhodyashchey utekhi
 prezreli vi,
 slavi bessmertnoy, vечноy radi.
 Muzhaytes, bratya!
 V molitve tyoploy naydyote sili
 predstat pred Gospoda sil.
 Bozhe praviy,
 utverdi zavet nash!
 Da ne v sud il osuzhdenye,
 no v put svyatovo obnovlenya ispolnim yevo.
(Pripodnimayetsya.)
 Otche blagiy!
(v molitvennom nastroyenii; obrashchayas k skitu)

11 Bratiya!
 Vnemlite glasu otkroveniya
 vo imya presvyatoye tvortsa
 i Gospoda sil!

Chernoritzsi

(za stsenoy)

Vladiko, Otche, sveta khranitel,
 Gospodu otkriti vovek nashi serdtsa.

Dosifey

Amin.

Syostri! Khranite li zavet velikiy
 vo imya presvyatoye tvortsa
 i Gospoda sil?

Chernorizki

(za stsenoy)

Ne imami strakha, otche,
 zavet nash pred Gospodom svyat i ne
 prelozhen.

Dosifey

Amin.

Oblekaytesya v rizi svetliye,
 vozzhigayte svechi bozhiye
 i gryadite k stoyaniyu
 i da preterpim vo slavu Gospoda!

Here, on this spot I shall proclaim
 to the world the testament of salvation.
(He sits down slowly on a stone.)
 How much sorrow, how much suffering
 have I endured through the spirit of doubt!
 Fear for the brethren
 and for the soul's sinfulness
 has weighed on me day and night,
 yet my heart has never wavered:
 the will of our heavenly Father be done!
 The hour has come,
 my dear ones,
 to win the crown of glory.
 You have held the pleasures of
 this transient earthly life in contempt,
 for the sake of immortal glory.
 Be of good cheer, my brethren!
 By fervent prayer you will find strength
 to stand in the presence of the Almighty.
 O, just Lord,
 strengthen our faith!
 We are about to embark
 on the road of salvation.
(raising himself up)
 All-merciful Father in Heaven!
(in a prayerful mood; towards the wood)

Brothers,
 listen to the voice of Revelation
 in the holy name of the Creator
 and in God's might.

Old believers [Men]

(offstage)

Sovereign Father, Keeper of the world,
 our hearts stand revealed before God
 for all eternity.

Dosifei

Amen!

Sisters, will you be true to the faith
 in the sacred name of the Creator
 and in God's might?

Old believers [Women]

(offstage)

We have no fear, father;
 our faith is sacred before God and will remain
 unshakeable.

Dosifei

Amen!

Put on the white garments,
 light the tapers of the Lord,
 and stand here at the stake.
 We will endure for the glory of God.

(Chernoriztsi i Chernorizki vikhodyat iz skita i napravlyayutsya k boru.)

Chernoriztsi

Vrag chelovekov,
knyaz mira sevo vossta!

Chernorizki

Strashni kovi antikhrista!

Chernoriztsi

Bespredelna zloba yevo!

Chernorizki

(v boru, za stsenoy)

Smert idyot. Spasaytesya!

Chernoriztsi

(v boru, za stsenoy)

Blizko vrag. Muzhaytesya!

(Vikhodyat iz bora i napravlyayutsya v skit.)

Chernoriztsi i Chernorizki

Plamenem i ognym svyashchennim
mi obelimsya
vo slavu vechnuyu Gospoda!
Predvechnovo, bessmertnovo tvortsa!
Slava tebe, Bozhe! Slava tebe!
Ti dazhd sil'i greshnim rabam tvoim!
Otche blagiy!

Marfa

12 Podviglis.
Gospodi,
ne utayu skorbi moyey:
do dnes terzayet dushu moyu izmena yevo.
Bozhe, grekh moy — serdtse moyo;
uslishi mya!
zhazhdu spasti ya
sovest yevo po klyatve yevo,
i strakha ne poimu isklyucheniya.
Prosti mya siloyu tvoyey lyubvi,
Gospodi!

Andrey Khovansky

(za stsenoy)

Gde ti, moya volyushka?
Gde ti, moya negushka?
U ottsa I batyushki?
U rodimoy u matushki?
Kuda zh, kuda ya volyushku,
kuda svoyu negushku,
da kuda zh devat yevo,

(The Old Believers leave the hermitage and make their way into the forest.)

Men

The enemy of mankind,
Satan, has arisen!

Women

The toils of Antichrist are terrible!

Men

His wickedness is infinite!

Women

(from the forest)

Death is near, prepare yourselves for salvation!

Men

(from the forest)

The enemy is near — have courage!

(The Old Believers leave the forest and approach the hermitage.)

Old believers

Let us purify ourselves
by the sacred fire,
to the glory of God the Creator!
In the eternal glory of God, our immortal
Creator,
glory to you, God!
You give strength to your sinful servants,
merciful God.

Marfa

They have moved on.
Lord,
I will not hide my sorrow;
his betrayal still torments my soul.
O God, my love is my sin!
Hear me;
let me make atonement
for his soul's salvation, for his broken vow.
I will not fear being excluded from heaven.
Forgive me, o Lord,
in the power of Thy love!

Andrei Khovansky

(in the distance)

Where are you, my darling?
Where are you, my delight?
Are you with your father?
Are you with your dear mother?
Whither my darling,
whither my delight,
whither have you vanished,

da kuda zh devat budu ya?
(*vikhodya na stsenu*)
Emma!

Marfa

Miliiy moy!
Vspomni, pomyani svetliy mig lyubvi,
mnogo chudnikh snov
s tekh por vidala ya:
snilos mne, budto bi,
izmena lyubvi tvoyey,
chudilis, brodili dumī mrachniye.

Andrey Khovansky

Marfa!

Marfa

Spokoysya, knyazhe!
Ya ne ostavlyu tebya,
vmeste s tobouy s goryu, lyubya.
A slish, poslish:
zharko bilo, kak v nochi sheptal ti mne
pro lyubov svoyu, pro schastye moyo;
tuchey chyornoyu pokrilas lyubov moya,
kholodom, ldom skovalo klyatvu moyu.
Smertniy chas tvoy prishyol, miliy moy,
oboymu tebya v ostatniy raz.
Aliluyya, aliluyya, aliluyya, aliluyya!

(*Trubi*)

Dosifey

Truba predvechnovo!
Prispelo vremya
v ogne i plameni priyat
venets slavi vechniya!

Marfa

Slishal li ti,
vdali za etim borom
trubi veshchali blizost voysk petrovskikh?
Mi vidani, nas okruzhili ...
Negde ukrītsya,
net nam spasenya.
Sama sudba skovala krepko nas s tobouy
i prorekla konets nam smertniy,
ni slyozī, ni molbi, ni ukori,
ni stenanya — nicto ne spasyot:
sudba tak velela.

where shall I turn?
(*entering the scene*)
Emma!

Marfa

My beloved!
Remember the bright, fleeting moment of our
love!
Since then I have dreamed
many strange dreams:
I dreamed
you had betrayed our love,
and I was filled with gloomy thoughts.

Andrei Khovansky

Marfa!

Marfa

Be calm, prince!
I will not leave you,
still loving, I shall burn with you.
Do you remember
that night when you whispered to me
of your love and of our happiness?
But after, my love was shrouded in a black cloud
and my vow was fettered in icy cold.
The hour of your death is near, my love;
I will embrace you for the last time.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

[*Dosifei returns, wearing a white robe. The
bugles of Tsar Peter's Guard sound nearer. The
Old Believers assemble. They are dressed all in
white and each of them carries a candle. They
build a funeral pyre.*]

Dosifey

Those bugles herald eternity!
The time has come
to win a martyr's crown
through fire and flame.

Marfa

Did you not hear in the distance
beyond this dark forest
the bugles herald the nearness of Tsar Peter's
Guard?
We are betrayed, and surrounded ...
there is nowhere to hide,
we cannot save ourselves.
Fate itself has bound us together
and ordained the hour of our death.
Neither tears, nor prayers, nor reproaches,
nor cries — nothing will avail;
Fate has decreed it thus!

Andrey Khovansky

Marfa, molyu tebya,
tyazhko, tyazhko mne.

Marfa

Idyom zhe, knyazhe,
bratya uzhd sobralas,
i ogon svyashchenniy
zhertvi zhdyot svoeyey.
Vspomni, pomyani
svetlyi mig lyubvi
kak sheptal ti mne pro schastiye moyo.
V ogne i plameni
zakalitsya ta klyatva tvoya.

(Trubi za stsenoy)

Raskolniki

13 Gospodi slavi,
gryadi vo slavu tvoyu!

Dosifey

Bratiya,
podvignemsvya,
vo Gospode pravdi
i lyubvi da uzrim svet!

Dosifey i Raskolniki

Da sginut plotskiye kozni ada
ot litsa svetla pravdi i lyubvi!

(Marfa zazhigayet svechoyu kostyor.)

Marfa i Raskolnitsi

Gospod, moy zashchitnik i pokrovitel
pasyot mya.

Dosifey i Raskolniki

Gospoda pravdi ispovemi
Nichto zhe lishit nas.

Marfa

Vspomni, pomyani svetlyi mig!

Andrey Khovansky

O Emma, Emma!

Dosifey i Raskolniki

Amin.

Andrei Khovansky

Marfa, I entreat you ...
it is too terrible!

Marfa

Let us go, prince,
our brothers are already gathered together
and the sacred fire
awaits its victims.
Remember the bright, fleeting moment
of our love,
how you whispered to me of my happiness.
In the fire and flame
your vow will be tempered!

(The bugles sound again.)

Old believers

Lord Ever-glorious,
grant we may behold Thee in Thy might!

Dosifei

Brethren!
May we be uplifted!
We shall see the radiance
of Divine Truth and Love.

Dosifei, Old believers

May the carnal snares of hell vanish
before the bright face of Truth and Love.

(Marfa lights the pyre.)

Marfa, Old believers

Lord, my defender and protector,
(The pyre blazes more intensely.)
do not forsake me.

Dosifei, Old believers

Our faith is the truth of God,
nothing can deprive us of it.

Marfa

Remember the bright, fleeting moment!

Andrei Khovansky

O Emma, Emma!

Dosifei, Old believers

Amen!
(All perish in the flames.)

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